



No. 114.—VOL. IX.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS MRS. EBBSMITH, AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

A FRENCH INDEPENDENT THEATRE.

It was daring of the Independent Theatre to bring over to London a French company that can hardly be called famous, and cause it to present pieces of a by no means fashionable character. Yet many will be glad of their daring, for the result has been three very interesting and instructive evenings. "Pelléas et Mélisande," the only real novelty, demands attention first. It proved to be one of those affairs that puzzle a critic and make him uncertain for some time what is his opinion; but it triumphed in the end, and even one or two of the writers to whom the names of Maeterlinck and Ibsen are as red rags, who go to an Independent Theatre performance as if to an execution in which they are to play the chief part, could not wholly resist the drama.

It must not be assumed that M. Maeterlinck has written a prodigious masterpiece or created a new form of drama that is likely to live. Yet his piece is of curious and rare charm, and, as an experiment, may be called a complete success. Probably it would have fallen flat had it not been mounted and handled with great judgment. The curious, nebulous tragedy, if played in full glare of the footlights, might have seemed puerile and empty in so many scenes that the really beautiful parts would not have been a counterpoise. In the use of a gauze curtain between the players and audience, and disuse of footlights, in the employment of an ever-darkened stage, and the curious manœuvring of lights to cover the entrance and exits, seemed a savour of trickery. The reduction of the scenery to two cloths, one representing a weird forest and the other a sketchy, mysterious crowd, on a Raphael-cartoon scale, appeared a confession of poverty. Yet, under these strange circumstances, the simple, poignant drama, told in the fantastic, half-poetic, half-prose style of Maeterlinck, and chanted rather than spoken by a company that reduced gesture and movement to a minimum, became fascinating.

To me the effect of "Pelléas et Mélisande" was almost that of a dream drama. What was comic in costume, incongruous in scenery, and ludicrous in stage accident seemed, if not natural, at least undisturbing, just as are the wildest absurdities in our dreams. Some of the scenes left imperishable memories. The strange episode of Mélisande's hair, when, as she leans out of her tower, it falls over her head and reaches down to her lover, who ties it round his neck; had an exquisite charm, while the last meeting of the two and their passionate embrace when expecting the avenging sword of the husband was thrilling, or *si émotionnant*, to use the French phrase for "thrilling" in "The Master Builder." Of course, the acting had a great share in the success. It required the admirable elocution and beautiful voice of Mdlle. Marthe Mellot as Pelléas, the curious wailing tones and simplicity of method of Mdlle. Suzanne Despres, the angular hardness of M. Lugné Poë, and the grave, effective acting of M. Ripert as Arkel, the old king, to give full effect to the play.

As regards "L'Intruse," I can only say that I was disappointed. It was ably acted, though the handling of the three sisters was ridiculous; but, willing as I was, it did not make me shiver. Possibly the lateness of the hour and the length of the piece weakened its effect. I know that some people were thrilled, and I envy them. The two Ibsen performances were of very different merit. The "Rosmersholm" was admirable, "The Master Builder" disappointing. As individual performances, those of Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. F. R. Benson, Mr. Bernard Gould, and Miss Elizabeth Robins, were, perhaps, finer than those of the French players; but no such perfect all-round presentation has been given in London, and one seemed to learn much about the curious play. Very rarely have I seen acting so utterly unselfish, so thoughtful and conscientious. It must not be imagined that the individual work was poor. Indeed, Mdlle. Mellot as Rebecca really played with great force and much subtlety, while M. Poë as Rosmer brought out some aspects of the part better than his English predecessors, and M. Ripert, despite a ridiculous make-up, proved to be a capital Kroll.

Of "The Master Builder" performance I speak with diffidence. Possibly the French translation, which is commoner in tone than the version of Messrs. Archer and Gosse, and the French presentation, which is less poetic than that given by Miss Robins, are the truer. I cannot tell for lack of Norwegian. Certainly they are less attractive. A Solness as a red-faced builder with an impossible waistcoat; a Mrs. Solness quite cheerful, almost jolly, except when she thinks of her troubles; and a Hilda like a mad, merry girl from a little shop on the Surrey side of the Seine—a *gigolette*, in fact—I had not expected, and, ably as these startling concepts were carried out, I felt a little distressed. However, the Kara of Mdlle. Mellot was admirable. Moreover, the stage-management, which in "Rosmersholm" had been abler and more intelligent than in the English performances, was so poor in "Solness le Constructeur" that the thrilling last act fell flat. I am glad to have seen such a curious new reading, but prefer the old.

On the whole, I feel deeply indebted to the Independent Theatre for bringing over the Théâtre de l'Œuvre—the company sneered at as "amateurs," though the chief members are successful Conservatoire students. It is very rare to pass three evenings so pleasantly and profitably as in seeing the two Ibsen and the two Maeterlinck dramas. Perhaps nothing has been proved except the vigour of the prejudice of some of our critics, who have, even in dealing with the performances, acted on the maxim that any stone is good enough to throw at a dog. Yet, to have had a new if almost impossible form of art presented in such style as to be fascinating as a novelty, and to have seen two new readings of remarkable plays, is sufficient to render memorable the last week of March, 1895.

MONOCLE.

MAETERLINCK.

Maurice Maeterlinck, once dubbed by an indiscreet critic "the Belgian Shakspeare," strikes even a chance acquaintance as possessing a singularly frank and sincere personality. Although familiar with English literature, and speaking the language better than most foreigners, he seems more at ease when conversing in the deliberate Academic French which has remained so excellent a tradition among the Belgian, or perhaps, I should say Flemish, upper classes.

I found M. Maeterlinck (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) in one of those typical Soho hostleries in which the visitor, once he has passed through the swing-door, seems transported by sight, sound, and, it must be added, smell, into some old fashioned *Tournebride* on the south side of the Seine; and everything, from the musty *loge* of the Concierge to the cordial smile of the neat *bonne*, serves to heighten the illusion.

"I have certainly been pleased by the cordial reception accorded in London to my work," my host replied, in answer to a question; "but I myself take little or no interest in the practical side of dramatic life. I always enjoy reading a play far more than I do seeing it acted, for on the stage the delicate symbolic essence of what every thoughtful writer wishes to convey cannot but escape."

"And yet, Monsieur, you yourself have preferred to present your theories cast in the dramatic rather than in any other literary form?"

"I have done this," he answered with some hesitation, "because I consider the drama as a convenient and natural poetic medium lending itself in a special manner to the expression of ideas. I myself can remember enjoying the stage presentation of only five plays. These were 'A Winter's Tale' and 'Julius Cæsar,' admirably produced by the Saxe-Meiningen troupe; Tolstoi's 'Powers of Darkness,' Schiller's 'Jungfrau von Orleans,' and Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' which last seems to be the most complete and admirable of the master's work, and resembles, in its finality and fatality, the finest examples of the Greek drama. Still," he continued, after a short pause, "I cannot but think that Ibsen loses by being dramatised, while Shakspeare gains by being acted."

"Your characters move in the Fourth Dimension, and have their being in No Man's Land. Have you never felt inspired by the past?"

"No; I cannot re-create events that have occurred, and thus the historical drama has never appealed to me. Surely he who wishes to produce work that will live should detach himself from his surroundings, and take little or no account of the petty actualities of our present civilisation. As it is, no writer can wholly escape the influences of his epoch. The poet should draw not the body, but the soul of humanity."

"It is the material side of stagecraft you feel an antipathy to?"

"Yes, and also the personal elements there brought into play. I regard originality as being the last quality to be applauded in an actor or actress. The interpreters of a drama should be average, and even mediocre, men and women, only intelligent enough to realise those characters they are attempting to make live. Perhaps I should add that I do not expect any of the kind of dramatic work which we are now discussing to ever appeal to the great play-going public. The man who drops into a theatre in order to digest his dinner wishes to be amused rather than interested. Still, new movements and new ideas make their way slowly but surely."

"With what group of French *littérateurs* do you claim kinship?"

"All my sympathies are with the *Mouvement Idéaliste*, which is, as you probably know, a natural reaction against low realism. I am constantly in Paris, and at one time I saw a great deal of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, to whom I owe much—as, indeed, I do to many of my French contemporaries, in whose work, much as it differs from my own, I take a vivid interest."

"One word more. Are you about to give the world another 'Princesse Maleine' or 'L'Intruse'?"

He shook his head, smiling. "No; I have, for the present, given up the dramatic form, and I am engaged on a translation of Novalis, the German philosopher and metaphysician made familiar to English readers by Carlyle—a writer, by the way, who looms large in my literary Walhalla. I am also just about to publish a volume of psychological essays, to be entitled 'Le Trésor des Humbles.'"



[Photo by Sacre-Smiths, Gand.

M. Maeterlinck.



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THE AMERICAN REPORTER.

Nowhere, outside of Paris, are daily journals so numerous or so widely read as in the United States, yet there is probably not another civilised country in which the newspaper man is held in so little respect. Everyone fears the reporter, and is willing to do a great deal to win his favour; but few like him or trust him. From Maine to Oregon the journalist is regarded as the incarnation of smartness, impudence, and unreliability.

For this state of affairs American journalists have none but themselves to blame. They have played to the gallery, and have received their reward. To-day the principal requirements of a "smart" reporter are a vivid imagination, a blunt conscience, and a thick skin. He must be prepared to unceasingly play the *mouchard*, to ferret out hidden details of the sore spots in people's lives, and publish them abroad, and to have a keen nose for the slightest suspicion of scandal. Nothing is too small for his attention, and no one is too great for him to tackle. When President Cleveland went on his honeymoon, he had to hire a small army of watchers to surround his country cottage day and night, to keep the reporters from spying on him and his bride. Everyone has heard of the wrath of Rudyard Kipling, in the first blush of his fame, because New York reporters would hang about his gate, and sit on his garden wall, so as to jot down his every action. But these enterprising pressmen do not confine their energies to the famous. If a Third Avenue shop-boy, earning four dollars a week, makes a runaway match with a servant-girl, leading New York journals will not hesitate to devote a column and more to a picturesque description of the couple, and to speculations about how they can manage to live on their income.

A recent guide to journalism, published in Chicago, declared that "faking," or manufacturing bogus news, ought never to be done about really important points, but is perfectly legitimate and praiseworthy where only minor details are concerned. Many reporters would think this unduly Puritanical. I was once out on special correspondence with a New York *confre*. There was some prospect of a lively fight taking place, and I remarked to my associate that I hoped it might come off, as it would give us an opening for picturesque writing. "I don't see that it much matters one way or another," he replied. "We can easily write it up, anyway, for we know the kind of thing that would be done."

When I ventured some remark about it being no use to describe a fight that had never taken place, my friend looked at me with astonishment. "Of all the ridiculous scrupulousness I have ever known," he burst out, "that of you Englishmen is the worst. Why in the world should we care if it comes off or not? All we have to do is to find good copy, and there our business ends." He thereupon proceeded to give me some good advice for my future welfare, and quoted his own experience as a model. "I have never yet told a story" (in American newspaper phraseology all accounts are called "stories"), "but I 'faked' more or less," he declared. "If the truth happens to suit my purposes, I tell as much as I can remember of it; if not, I find something else which will do better."

One thing that causes American reporters to be often incorrect is the fact that very few know shorthand. Almost all great speeches that are given in full in the papers are taken from type-written copy supplied by the orators. Where such typescript cannot be obtained, the reporter has to trust to a few long-hand notes, a good memory, and a trained power of invention. It is altogether exceptional for an interviewer to take notes, and, consequently, the accounts printed of conversations are rarely more than faint reminiscences of the actual talk.

But it would be unfair to make out that inexactitude is the only great characteristic of the American reporter. His enterprise is proverbial. Few journalists in the States are given a free hand, for financial and political considerations govern most even of the greatest dailies. There are some conspicuous exceptions, such as the *New York Herald*, but the counting-house is nearly always supreme over the editorial-room. Yet, within the limits allowed them, American pressmen are willing to do almost anything to secure for their papers a "scoop," or exclusive news. Every week feats of the most daring and dangerous kind are undertaken. One daily, the *New York World*, has gone in specially for this class of work, and has several young ladies on its staff who are continually surprising people by their deeds. "Nelly Bly" and "Meg Merrilies," the two principal girl reporters, have secured an international reputation. The latter lately persuaded Nikola Tesla, the scientist, to pass a current of a million volts of electricity through her. A current of between one and two thousand volts is considered sufficient to electrocute criminals, but it was thought that a much higher current would prove harmless. To test this, Miss "Meg Merrilies" had the experiment made on herself. She survived, and wrote four or five columns describing her feelings during the critical moments. Nelly Bly's adventures in the State lunatic asylum, her record journey round the world, and her many other notable achievements have made her name almost as well known throughout the Union as that of the President himself.

American visitors usually complain that our English dailies are intolerably dull. Certainly we cannot at present show such a wealth of descriptive writing as even second- and third-rate Transatlantic journals revel in. Nor do we seem to want it. American newspapers, in spite of their brilliancy and immensity, have hardly any circulation in England, even among expatriated Americans. One firm of booksellers lost thousands of pounds not long ago in attempting to establish offices for the sale of New York papers in London and Paris. Good as the American reporter may be for his own people, he is not in demand here.

"A LOVING LEGACY," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



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PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION (First and Second Class only), THURSDAY, April 11, by the above Special Express Day Service.—Leaving London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m.

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SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY, from London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Seaford, Eastbourne, and Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

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For further Particulars see Easter Programme and Handbills, to be had at all Stations and at any of the above Offices. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1895.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 11, A SPECIAL EXPRESS will leave WILLESDEN at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Blisworth, Weedon, Welton, Rugby, Trent Valley stations, and Stafford. A SPECIAL EXPRESS will also leave EUSTON at 4.25 p.m. for Birmingham, calling at Willesden and Coventry.

On the same date the 12 Midnight Train from Euston will be extended from Warrington to Preston on Good Friday, arriving Preston 6.2 a.m.

ON GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 12, the 5.15 a.m. Newspaper Express Train from London (Euston Station) will run to Blisworth, Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Nuneaton, Tamworth, Lichfield, Rugeley, Stafford, Shrewsbury, Crewe, Runcorn, Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, Wigan, Preston, Lancaster, Carnforth, Oxenholme, Kendal, Windermere, Tebay, Penrith, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen. A Train will leave Manchester at 9.30 a.m. for Wigan, where Passengers for Preston and the North can join the Newspaper Train.

A SPECIAL TRAIN WILL LEAVE EUSTON AT 10.5 a.m. for Cheddington, calling at Willesden, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Berkhamsted, and Tring.

ON FRIDAY NIGHT and SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 12 and 13, the 11.41 p.m. and 12.5 a.m. trains from Carlisle will run as usual. The 12.5 a.m. will call at Oxenholme and Carnforth if required.

The other trains generally on Good Friday will run as on Sunday, with the exception of the 10.45 a.m., Crewe to Holyhead, and 1 p.m., Holyhead and Chester, which will not be run.

ON SUNDAY, APRIL 14, a Special Train will leave Euston at 10.5 a.m. for Cheddington, calling at Willesden, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Berkhamsted, and Tring.

On BANK HOLIDAY, EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 15, the 12 noon and 4 p.m. trains from Euston will leave at 12.10 noon and 4.10 p.m. respectively. The 4.30 p.m. train from London will not run; passengers will be conveyed by the 5 p.m. train, except those for Peterborough, Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, and the G. N. line, who must travel by the 3.15 p.m. train from Euston. Numerous Residential Trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run. The UP and DOWN DINING-SALOONS between London, Liverpool, and Manchester will not be run on Easter Monday, April 15, but the Corridor Dining-Car Trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow will be run as usual.

For further particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company.

Euston Station, April, 1895.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY

EASTER EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS ON THURSDAY, APRIL 11.

CHEAP TRAINS will be run from London (St. Pancras and City Stations) to Matlock, Buxton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, ROCHDALE, Oldham, Sheffield, Barnsley, Wakefield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, the LAKE DISTRICT, and Carlisle, Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c. Tickets will be available for returning on Tuesday, April 16.

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On THURSDAY, April 11, a CHEAP FOUR AND EIGHT DAYS' TRIP will also be run to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock, Helensburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Aberdeen, Stirling, Perth, Inverness, &c., leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m., by which THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE ORDINARY FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued, the tickets being available for return ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS from date of issue.

Tickets and Bills may be had at the Midland Station and City Booking Offices, and from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

Derby, March, 1895.

GEORGE H. TURNER, General Manager.

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EASTER HOLIDAYS.

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TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued by above excursion to places named, available for return by one fixed train, on any day up to and including April 26.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, for six days, to Cambridge, St. Ives, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Spalding, Grimsby, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Stoke, Newark, Barnsley, Huddersfield, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Keighley, Hull, York, Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, Darlington, Newcastle, &c., returning April 16.

For further particulars see bills, to be obtained at Company's stations and town offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.—SPECIAL EASTERTIDE CHEAP TRIP.—On April 11, 12, 13, and 15, Cheap Third-class Return Tickets to GUERNSEY, JERSEY, and HAVRE, will be issued from Waterloo, Kensington (Addison Road), &c., by any Ordinary Train, available to return any day (Sundays excepted) within 14 days of the date of issue. Return Fare, Third-class by rail and fore cabin by steamer, 25s. Similar Tickets will be issued to ST. MALO on April 12 and 15, and to CHERBOURG on April 11 and 13.

CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS from London to PLYMOUTH, Tavistock, Camelford, Launceston, Holsworthy, ILFRACOMBE, Barnstaple, Lynton, Bideford, EXETER, WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, Swanage, Bournemouth, Bath, Wells, Radstock, Shepton Mallet, &c., will be issued by all Trains on April 11 and subsequent days, up to and including April 15 (not to Somerset and Dorset Line Stations on April 12 or 14), available to return up to and including April 17.

EXCURSIONS will leave Waterloo as under, calling at the principal stations, on Thursday, April 11—

At 8.20 a.m. for Andover, Salisbury, Templecombe, Sherborne, Axminster, Seaton, Sidmouth, Okehampton, &c.

At 9 a.m. for Marlborough, Swindon, Cheltenham, Bridgwater, Wells, Yeovil, EXETER, Exmouth, PLYMOUTH, Tavistock, Launceston, Camelford (for North Cornwall coach), Holsworthy (for Bude), Barnstaple, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Bideford (for Clovelly), &c.

At 11.45 a.m. for Radstock, Bath, &c.

At 12.5 noon for WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, Lymington, Bournemouth, Poole, Swanage, Southampton (West), Winchester, &c. The tickets issued by the above will be available to return on April 18, 19, or 20.

SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS will leave Waterloo on Thursday, April 11, as follows:—At 2.5 p.m. for Bournemouth, Dorchester, and Weymouth. At 4.40 p.m. for Winchester, Southampton (West), Christchurch, and Bournemouth; and at 4.45 p.m. for Yeovil, Exeter, the WEST OF ENGLAND and NORTH DEVON Lines. The 5 p.m. West of England train from Waterloo will convey Passengers to North Devon Stations, &c.

SPECIAL LATE TRAINS on April 11 will leave Waterloo Station at 10.15 p.m. for Salisbury, Yeovil, and Exeter, and intermediate Stations, and AT 12.10 MIDNIGHT for South and North Devon.

TICKETS, Handbills, and all information can be procured at the Company's Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; the West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; City Office, Arthur Street West, E.C.; and Limehouse Office, 799, Commercial Road.

Full particulars can also be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

CHAS. SCOTTER General Manager.

"HÄNSEL AND GRETEL," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.



MADAME JULIA LENNOX AS THE BROOM-MAKER'S WIFE.

*"Most simple is the bill of fare—
Nothing; and plenty of it to spare."*

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS EDITH MILLER AS THE WITCH.

*"So hop, hop, hop; gallop, lop, lop,
My broomstick nag! come, do not lag."*

Photo by Mendelssohn, Fembbridge Crescent, W.



MISS MARIE DU BEDAT AS SANDMAN THE SLEEP FAIRY.

*"I shut the children's peepers, sh!
And guard the little sleepers, sh!"*

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS JESSIE HUDLESTON AS DEWMAN THE DAWN FAIRY.

*"With the golden light of day
I chase the fading night away."*

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I sat through a creepy and crepuscular drama of Maurice Maeterlinck's last week, much disturbed by the announcement in the play-bill that the doors would be closed between the acts, for it seemed not unlikely that ghostly ladies, with long hair, and eyes which never close (just think of an eye that cannot shut nor even wink!) would lead me to the edge of a yawning gulf in the middle of the dress-circle, or waft mortuary odours through the stalls. Never since I was a child, and was taken to an entertainment in which apparently solid figures, projected by the spectrum, walked the ceiling, have I felt so timid. Those strange creatures on the stage, who played their little tragedy in a grim twilight, and, with the help of a few curtains, made me see forests and caverns and the deepest dungeon below the castle moat, and who pointed out to one another and to me things which were certainly not there, though I saw them clearly, deranged my nerves to such a degree that when I sought refuge in the concrete by staring at William Archer, he "swelled visibly" to stupendous proportions, like a nightmare of Thor and Odin. Luckily the cheery voice of A. B. Walkley banished my tremors, for, if you are ever in sore need of the lucid, the tangible, the philosophically secure, "A. B. W." is your man.

And then I bethought me that I had followed, through the various organs of public opinion which "A. B. W." gaily pervades, an argument about Congreve—how ignorant we all were in supposing that Congreve did not write good drama; how obvious it was that the drama he wrote was the very thing for a stage which was open to the spectators on three sides; how, on a three-sided stage, it mattered not a jot what anybody did, but a great deal what everybody said; how the Restoration drama was therefore an affair of rhetoric, and not of character and action, as good drama is now. Well, I was cheered by this, because it made me perceive what a surpassing dramatist Maeterlinck is, if you accept his conditions. Put your actors behind a gauze, turn down the lights, and everything becomes as exquisitely and persuasively unreal as a duel between Mr. George Moore and Mr. Whistler. The theatre is like a haunted house, and I am as thoroughly convinced, by the evidence of my deluded senses, as any member of the Psychical Research Society. Indeed, I wonder that body does not conduct its investigations *dans l'obscurité*, as they say in Maeterlinck; for, if there happens to be a lady with long hair, which falls from a window on the upturned face of a lover with a thrilling voice, you will believe anything.

The trouble about Congreve, however, is that he was not the only dramatist with a three-sided stage. There was Shakspeare, who wrote plays which were not chiefly rhetoric, but good drama in the modern sense of the term. "Othello" is a great tragedy and a masterpiece of construction to boot. From first to last it has that "inevitableness" which we demand from the play of modern life: there is no word which is not to the purpose of illuminating character or essential incident. Technically, "Hamlet" is, no doubt, inferior; but few comedies are better constructed than "Much Ado About Nothing" or "The Merchant of Venice." Here, then, is a positive criterion of good drama, as we understand it, established long before Congreve, under conditions which, according to "A. B. W.," make the application of the modern standard to that dramatist irrelevant and misleading. It will not do to say that Shakspeare was a transcendent genius, and Congreve was not. Shakspeare was an actor who knew exactly what dramatic effects could be obtained even with his audience on three sides of him; whereas Congreve was a brilliant writer, who neither had this knowledge nor cared to acquire it, but made his fortune by his witty dialogue, which is just as incongruously dazzling in the mouth of a valet as in that of a fop.

But, as I have said, *dans l'obscurité* everything is credible. Why, I am prepared to swear that I witnessed the following dramatic incident outside a building not remote from St. James's Palace, a few nights ago. Three figures, quite familiar to me, stood gazing at the window of the new Examiner of Plays.

W. A. He has lighted the gas.

A. B. W. Has he lighted the gas?

G. B. S. To read my play. He is always reading my play.

W. A. Would you like to see him?

A. B. W. Yes, yes; I want to see him.

W. A. Don't make a noise—we'll lift you up to the window. It is too high for us, although we are so tall. And you're a little beggar. Don't make a noise, or he'll be horribly frightened.

G. B. S. Is he in the room?

A. B. W. Yes; he has a pen behind his ear.

G. B. S. The bank!

W. A. Is he alone?

A. B. W. No; there's a lady with long hair, and an eye that never shuts.

G. B. S. Candida!

W. A. What is he doing?

A. B. W. Her hair seems to annoy him. He is pulling it out by the roots.

G. B. S. The deuce!

A. B. W. Don't, I say; you're pinching my legs.

W. A. Hush! he will hear you. What's going on now?

A. B. W. He is sharpening a large blue pencil.

G. B. S. Ah!

A. B. W. If you pinch my legs again I shall get down.

W. A. Be quiet! Well?

A. B. W. He has sharpened the pencil. He puts the lighted end in his mouth.

G. B. S. The lighted end?

A. B. W. Well, you know, the writing end.

G. B. S. Savage!

A. B. W. Next time you do that I shall kick you.

W. A. Silence! Well, well?

A. B. W. He goes down on his knees before a portrait.

W. A. Whose portrait?

A. B. W. Pigott's.

G. B. S. Slave!

A. B. W. He rises with a holy smile. He grasps the pencil with both hands, and—here, I can't stand this!

W. A. What are you afraid of? Look, look!

A. B. W. He has made a great blue gash right down the middle of her nose.

W. A. And she?

A. B. W. Her eye doesn't even blink. It's ghastly—let me down!

POLICEMAN (*with a bull's-eye*). Hi, there! What are you three up to?

W. A. He waves the bull's-eye. Is it because he is nervous?

G. B. S. A uniform hides a quaking heart. Remember Bluntschli!

A. B. W. But see—the bull's-eye does not blink!

W. A. Let us go! Let us go!

POLICEMAN. Come out of that!

G. B. S. What shall we say?

A. B. W. The truth, the truth, the truth!

G. B. S. That you saw Candida? She is safe at South Shields.

A. B. W. I didn't see anybody. But, if you will hoist a man up to a window, he must invent something for his trouble in getting there.

I suppose a good many people received a printed notice that Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "Candida," would be performed, for the only time in England, at the Theatre Royal, South Shields, on Saturday last, at the genial hour of half-past eleven in the morning. The document sent to me stated further that, after this visitation upon South Shields, "Candida" would next be seen at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. It was thoughtful to give me the choice between these renowned cities; but, owing to some oversight, there was no provision for travelling expenses, and so I am still waiting for "Candida" in the humble hamlet that straggles round Piccadilly. I noticed that, at the Theatre Royal, South Shields, "the price of admission to all parts of the house" was "one guinea," so I suppose Mr. Shaw had an enthusiastic audience of capitalists.

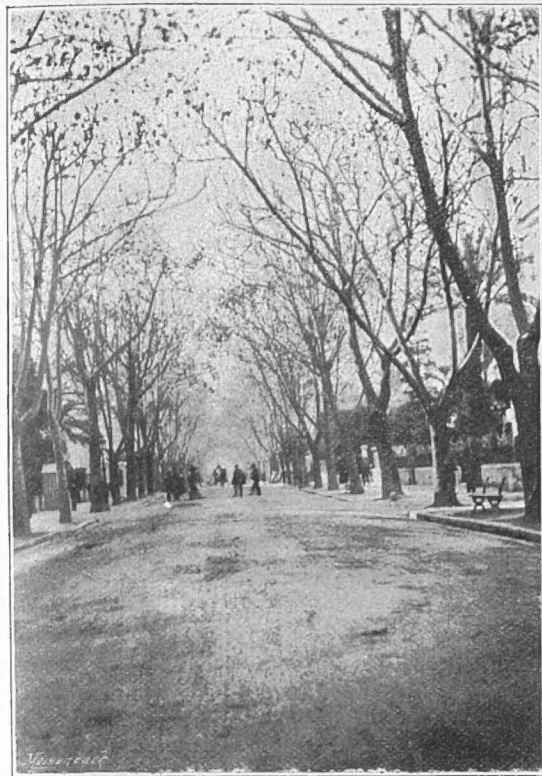
By a stroke of irony, an extraordinary letter in the *Spectator*, headed "A Plea for Superstition," was followed by the burning of a "bewitched" woman in Ireland. The correspondent of the *Spectator* declared that the malign sway of science was over, and that the beliefs of our forefathers were rapidly reviving. He is deeply impressed by the evidence for "phantasms of the living"—evidence which is accepted on the principle that people who say they have seen "phantasms" ought to be credited. Well, there was a case in Suffolk, not long ago, of a "bewitched" child, whose father said he saw smoke issuing from its perambulator, and whose mother swore that the baby smelt of brimstone. This testimony was, no doubt, perfectly sincere. If your imagination runs on brimstone, your nose will detect the fumes. If you devote yourself ardently to the investigation of "phantasms," you will end by seeing them. Many wise and religious persons, in comparatively modern times, held that to throw doubt on witchcraft was blasphemous. The law prescribed the punishment of witches; and the Tipperary peasants who tried to exorcise the devil by roasting the "bewitched" woman over a peat fire, are at least as intelligent as the correspondent of the *Spectator*, who is not less penetrating than John Wesley and Sir Matthew Hale. So these beliefs of our forefathers have produced a fine continuity of enlightenment.

The genius who pleads for the revival of superstitions might content himself with the considerable variety that still prevails. Let him bask in the "evil eye," for example: there are abundant opportunities in many parts of Europe. Nay, it needs only a slight exercise of the imagination to set a new superstition in full cry. By brooding over Maeterlinck, I can persuade myself that there are fateful women whose eyes never close. They will blight every man who comes within the range of those unrelenting orbs. Let the correspondent of the *Spectator* take heart; he may have a more piquantly shuddering experience than his forefathers ever knew.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen, who is greatly enjoying her stay on the Riviera, is in excellent health, and in very good spirits. Her Majesty follows nearly the same routine at Nice as at Balmoral. She breakfasts alone at nine

o'clock, and then works for a couple of hours with Colonel Bigge and Lord Camoys—who is acting as assistant private secretary—while Lord Spencer usually has an audience in the course of the morning. At half-past twelve the Queen goes out in the grounds of the Hôtel de Cimiez in her donkey-chaise, and at two o'clock her Majesty takes lunch, in company with Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon the Queen drives out, usually in an open carriage, and on her return tea is served. Later on, the London newspapers of the previous day, and a batch of correspondence, which have arrived by the mail-train, occupy at least an



BOULEVARD DU BOUCHAGE, NICE.

Photo by R. Percy Preston.

hour, and there are sure to be several telegrams waiting that require immediate answers. The Queen dines at a quarter to nine, and the suite take their meal at the same hour in another room. Her Majesty reads, or converses with Princess Beatrice and Lady Southampton, after dinner, and shortly after eleven o'clock retires to bed.

The practice of taking the Indian attendants to the Continent causes an immense amount of trouble to the Court functionaries who have to make the arrangements for the Queen's journeys and sojourns in foreign lands. The Indians have to travel by themselves in a separate saloon, and their meals and all refreshments have to be served to them in the train at the stopping stations, as they will not go to the buffets with the suite and the European servants—their "caste" forbids anything of that kind. Then, special arrangements have also to be made for these Orientals at the hotels, which cause a great deal of bother and considerable extra expense. The Queen, however, has become very much attached to her Eastern attendants, and will not travel without them, so the officials have to make the best of a bad job.

The Queen is to pay a visit this week to Lord and Lady Salisbury, at La Bastide, their villa at Beaulieu. The villa is built on the slope of an olive-clad hill, and commands the most delightful views of the picturesque Italian coast. The house was constructed and decorated after Lady Salisbury's own plans, and it would be difficult to find a better-arranged or more comfortable dwelling. It has only two floors, one of which contains drawing-room, dining-room, and billiard-room, all communicating, and a spacious library, which is Lord Salisbury's special "den." The bed-rooms occupy the upper floor, and at the left end is a clock-tower, with a look-out at the summit. La Bastide is not a place easy of approach from Beaulieu, and Lord Salisbury can command the most perfect seclusion at his villa. He is most fortunate in having discovered so desirable a position, for the site of the house is really one of the best, in all respects, on the Riviera.

An intimation has been received at Balmoral that, according to present arrangements, the Queen will arrive there on May 17 or 18, and her Majesty will reside in Scotland until June 21 or 22, when the Court is to return to Windsor Castle.

There has been a great increase, during the present reign, in the income derived from the Duchy of Lancaster estate. Between 1841 and 1861 the average revenue which the Queen received from this source was £15,000 a year, but now nearly £50,000 per annum is paid over to Sir Henry Ponsonby, as Keeper of the Privy Purse, for the use of the Queen.

When her Majesty goes to Darmstadt, she and Princess Beatrice will occupy the first floor of the Neue Schloss, a fine structure in the Italian Renaissance style, in the Wilhelminen Platz. It was built for the lamented Princess Alice, and there are numerous allusions to it in her

letters. Lady Southampton will have rooms with the Queen, but Colonel Bigge and the rest of the suite will be quartered in the Residenzschloss. During her stay at Darmstadt the Queen is to pass a day at Kranichstein, the picturesque "Jag'd Schloss," which was the favourite country residence of Princess Alice, and her Majesty is also to visit Schloss Heiligenberg, the beautiful seat of the Princess of Battenberg, on the hills near Jugenheim.

The local artists at Nice have rather alarmed some of the Queen's loyal subjects. I have received a paper in which there are two drawings, one representing her Majesty alighting from the train, and the other showing her driving in a landau. In neither has she any profile; and as the artist describes his work as *d'après nature*, I should feel very uneasy if one picture did not exhibit himself in the foreground, on a chair, busy with his pencil, but without a hand! However, both works are so striking that I tremble for the laurels of the *Daily Chronicle*.

I hear delightful things from the Riviera about the Princess Louise. "In a simple costume, of a fashion of some years ago," writes a correspondent, "she looked quaintly neat amid the Frenchwomen—Comtesse This and Marquise That—who were absolutely weighed down with chains of pearls and diamonds. She is quite humorously simple in every way. She went down to the station here when the Queen arrived, and sat on a wall, with her feet dangling, and listened to the remarks of the poor people round her, such as—well, you can imagine the popular frankness in such circumstances!—and gazed at the royalties like any ordinary spectator. She is going to the Nice Battle of Flowers to-day, in a fiacre or donkey-cart, wearing two veils, vowing that her mother won't know her, and that she intends to pelt her with flowers."

Even in that gay country sacred to birds of passage, which we call the Riviera, there is an oldest inhabitant. And I have it on the authority of this eminent personage that the week's yacht race, from the social assemblage point of view, has been a practically unrivalled event. With brilliant sunshine as one only gets it at Nice, and a light breeze just enough to puff the yacht-sails, the sapphire Mediterranean was a scene to remember; while on the pier, where the great world largely foregathered to view the racing, one found all the charming women and pleasant men in the world that were not elsewhere: Admiral Ward, Lady Anna Chandos Pole and her popular daughter, Mr. Ray Miller, Marquis and Marquise de Castellane—naturally the centre of all eyes—Captain Anderson, Captain Davenport, Mrs. Beauclerc, Count and Countess Sierstorpf, and so on. The excitement was naturally profound when it was declared that the tug-of-war between our Prince's Britannia and the Ailsa had resulted in a verdict of "no race." Both boats had sailed before the starting-gun was fired, so both were disqualified—a pretty sharp lesson to the respectively eager skippers. People are still flying South; entertainments are, if possible, on the increase, and hotel-keepers are rejoicing greatly. To give an idea of the prices asked and obtained at the moment, a friend, who with his family occupied a first-floor suite for four weeks at a first-rate hotel, has estimated his food and lodging expenses at the same number of hundreds sterling. The Riviera is a paradise, but not a cheap one.

The German Emperor and his family, whose portraits are contained in this issue, are to spend several weeks at Abbazia, on the Austrian Riviera.

Mr. Horace Morehen has just finished a medallion of Lord Salisbury, as a companion to his one of Mr. Gladstone. It is an excellent likeness of the Conservative leader, and cheap at a shilling. It is issued by Messrs. Henry Mayer, of St. Andrew's Street, E.C.



I was glad to receive from Australia the other day a recent number of the *Sydney Town and Country Journal*, containing interesting photographs of the work of wheat-testing at the Chemical Laboratory of the New South Wales Department of Agriculture. This laboratory is under the control of an old friend of mine, very

well known in chemical circles in London, Mr. Frederick B. Guthrie, whose father, the late Professor Guthrie, held the Chair of Physics at the School of Mines. Some five years back, Mr. F. B. Guthrie gave up his post in the Science and Art Schools at South Kensington, and went out to Sydney to become Demonstrator in Chemistry at the University. More recently, he obtained the Government appointment specified above, and his father's old friends will be rejoiced to know that he is doing good work on the other side of the globe.

When in Rome—one must emphatically hunt the little red fox. It is a vogue which all the world adopts, and a meet without the gates is invariably attended by that brilliant cosmopolitan society which, of all places, is best met with in the Eternal City. Three foxes made excellent sport on the last day of the season, but, like Bo-Peep's truants, kept their tails behind them, and finally gave a goodly company the slip altogether. Prince Chigi Farnese acted as M.F.H. for the last time the other day, and that office will now be filled by another good sportsman, Marquis Roceagiovane. A prettier sight than the final meet one could not wish for; besides the usual accompaniment of pink coats and well-groomed officers, a larger number of ladies than had been seen out this season followed the hounds.

The annual hurdle-race competition has also just come off. A notable event always, as the King appears invariably at these sports, and all Rome naturally follows suit. Thursday's races were run in splendid weather, a smart young Teuton, Baron von Willich, winning the big event on his own horse, "Bravo." Mr. H. Piercy and Prince Odescalchi were also among the successful gentlemen—"jocks," it being a rule on this ultra-smart occasion that owners, when possible, will ride their own cattle. The Duchess of Newcastle's daughter, Princess Doria, shows her national sympathy with sport in a faithful attendance on such occasions. Prince Cuto, the Socialist nobleman, was another interesting figure—his house, by the way, was quite lately searched by the police. Then, also, one saw Countess Frankstein, dressed in the latest miracle of fashion, as behoves her American tradition, and of pretty English girls a very fair sprinkling. King Humbert looked very stately as he rode about in a general's undress; Colonel Slade, who was one of the judges, being among the first to meet his Italian Majesty in the field. Signor Crispi's elder daughter, Princess di Linguaglossa, wore a wonderful frock, just imported from Paris, no doubt, which was a mass of bronze spangles over shot silk, and gave the appearance of a glittering suit of scale-armour as she moved about in the brilliant sunshine. All Rome has been mourning with the Duchess of Manchester over the death of her lovely daughter, Lady Mary Montagu. The twin sisters were last seen together in England at Lady Wolverton's wedding, where, it is said, on account of their beauty and similarity of appearance, they were first called "the Heavenly Twins."

The two-pound and five-pound pieces referred to in last week's *Sketch* were never in actual circulation in the ordinary acceptance of the term. They were supplied to the public on their application, either through their bankers or direct to the Mint, and, as the applicants were generally either coin-collectors or persons who desired to possess a memento of the Queen's jubilee, it is not surprising that none are to be

seen in ordinary use. Indeed, I do not recall ever having seen either a two-pound or five-pound piece tendered in payment, though I have known them to be paid in by owners to their banking account. The original pieces of 1887 are very difficult to obtain at face value, but a newer edition, struck in 1893, can be got without much difficulty. As to the large silver coins, no four-shilling pieces have been issued for a considerable time, and comparatively few are in circulation. The crowns, on the other hand, are in considerable demand, not by the private individual, who, not unnaturally, objects to a "cart-wheel" in his trouser-pocket, but by large employers of labour, to whom this coin is very useful for the payment of wages.

Mr. Labouchere is a little too fond of dragging the Deity into his jests. Some years ago he said that Mr. Gladstone always had the ace of trumps up his sleeve and always said that the Almighty put it there. Pleased with the success of this *mot*, Mr. Labouchere has tried to improve upon it for the amusement of politicians who do not like Mr. Courtney. Asked what he should do if Mr. Courtney became Speaker, Mr. Labouchere replied, "I am a poor weak mortal, and I dare not sit in the House in the presence of my Maker."

Mr. George Russell has the credit of having scored a great point in the House of Commons with a quotation from Shakspeare. As usual, the Bard foresaw everything, even a debate on Welsh Disestablishment. It would be easy to carry on a discussion of any Bill with the aid of a Shakspeare Concordance, and, among other advantages of this practice, I am sure the declamation of blank verse every day would be of great service to many honourable members. Moreover, the familiarity with Shakspeare begotten by this practice would make mere politics quite a secondary affair, and candidates would commend themselves to electors by their capacity in meeting hecklers with apt quotations. When I think what an educational joy this would be to the nation at large, I cherish the hope that Mr. George Russell will persevere with his poetical researches.

Mr. Edward Terry has identified himself with the public interests of the district in which he lives in a way few actors do. Thus he is a popular man at Barnes. When his daughter, Miss Margaret Ada Terry, was married the other day to a Birmingham gentleman, Mr. A. W. Heath, St. Mary's Church, which is exactly opposite Mr. Terry's residence, Priory Lodge, was crowded, each side of the churchyard being lined by school-children. Many theatrical people were present. Mr. Robert Buchanan proposed the health of the young people at the reception which followed. Apart from the popularity of her father, the bride has the good wishes of all.



THE WEDDING OF MR. EDWARD TERRY'S DAUGHTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

The unusual spectacle of London omnibuses filled with people traversing the usually tranquil Portsmouth Road leading into Guildford was seen last Saturday week. The cause of this was the sudden subsidence of the tunnel on the London and South-Western Railway which pierces the hill on the crest of which stand the white ruins of St. Catherine's Chapel. An empty train had at midnight found its progress barred at the end of this tunnel, and investigation showed that a great fall of sand and bricks had taken place. Within an hour more debris fell, and covered the engine and three of the carriages, and by its subsidence the stables built above the tunnel were embedded. The horses and carriages inside the stables and coach-house were lost to sight, and the news of the strange occurrence quickly spread. The London evening papers (which come out in the morning, and are read in the afternoon) alarmed travellers on the line by the very brevity of their statements. On reaching Guildford, one learned the correct news from special editions of the two county papers, the *Surrey Times* being especially prompt and accurate. One hundred navvies were set to work improvising a railway-platform near the scene of the accident, and passengers were conveyed by means of the omnibuses aforesaid. St. Catherine's Hill "stands where it did," despite the fall of the tunnel, and thousands have lately assured themselves of this fact, as well as surveyed the extraordinary scene shown in the accompanying photograph.



THE SUBSIDENCE OF A RAILWAY TUNNEL AT GUILDFORD.

Photo by Bassett, Guildford.

"The Doll's House." The result was that we became good friends. It was in this way—

Though Denmark brought to Shakspeare's hand
The hapless Prince who loved and died,
And though the sturdy Vikings' land
Gave England's Prince a lovely bride;
Yea, though but narrow seas divide
Our homes and hearths, we could not chime
In speech until we found a guide
In him who wrote "Das Puppenheim."

We got from him who gave us "Brand"
And pictured Hedda Gabler's pride,
The necessary wizard's wand
To join our lands from side to side.
For what although the world be wide,
When Thought can couple clime to clime?
We met upon one common tide
In him who wrote "Das Puppenheim."

I told her of the little band
Of critics who for years had tried
To make the English play expand
On lines that Mr. Scott would chide:
How Mr. Archer can't abide
The melodrama of our time,
And how the public won't confide
In him who wrote "Das Puppenheim."

ENVOY.

She could not see why folk deride
Herr Doctor Ibsen's work as grime;
She clapped her little hands and cried,
"Grosshartig ist 'Das Puppenheim!'"

The hill of St. Catherine, or St. Katharine, as it is spelt in old records, was for many years the scene of a fair, which, in the palmy days of English fairs, lasted, I believe, for three days. The ruined chapel that surmounts it was probably founded by Henry II. for the convenience of the tenants of his Manor of Ertindon, though it is not mentioned in existing records till the reign of the third Henry, when it is recorded that the chaplain received the yearly stipend of fifty shillings. The ruins now existing date back, I believe, to the time of Edward III., when the chapel was rebuilt. It has been in a ruinous condition for many a long year, the ruins themselves having been repaired at the end of the last century. The curious-looking knoll on which the chapel stands, and through which the horse-and-carriage-swallowing tunnel passes, is composed of red sand interspersed with occasional layers of ironstone.

Apropos of the capital of Surrey, I have this week received a charming book, entitled "In and Around Guildford." It is the admirable work of Mr. E. A. Judges, who edits the *Surrey Times* with such conspicuous ability. The author of this handsome volume has followed Mr. Frederic Harrison's example in "sinking a shaft" into the past history of one place. The ancient borough of Guildford, which I heard Mr. Herbert Railton describe as one of the six most picturesque towns in England, has yielded to Mr. Judge's mining operations some rich and beautiful ore. The birthplace of John Russell, R.A., the pastellist, of Archbishop Abbot, and of other worthies, Guildford has a past of which it is justly proud. It is "beautiful for situation," and many lovely pictures adorn this book. Mr. Judges has the gift of proportion as well as appreciation, and the one never outsteps the other. The chapter on the Onslow family, especially that portion relating to Speaker Onslow, is very interesting. Of the latter Lord Stanhope wrote: "Onslow filled the chair [of the House of Commons] with higher merit, probably, than anyone either before or after him; with unequalled impartiality, dignity, and courtesy." The whole volume is a pleasure to read, and the seventy illustrations are worthy of it.

An Ibsen audience is always a curious one, but the audiences that gathered at the Opéra Comique last week were even more motley than are usually to be found rallying round the Independent Theatre. In addition to the purely Ibsenolaters, there was a strong French contingent that had come out to give their compatriots a greeting. The Norwegian is, indeed, a wonderful welder. A notable man of letters of my acquaintance declares that Ibsen and Tolstoi are the only two geniuses in Europe at this moment. Certainly Ibsen's influence is international. I remember once meeting, in a *pension* at Leipsic, a young Danish lady with whom I absolutely failed (in faulty German) to strike up a conversation until I hit on the subject of

The caricatured patriotism that leads to insular prejudice rarely is shown more curiously than in one of the criticisms upon the performance in French of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." The critic of one of the great daily papers, not content with attacking the play and performance, actually goes so far as to say, "It cannot conscientiously be said that the depth, the intensity, and the methods of Ibsen lend themselves to the French nature. The language, to start with, sounds comical." Anon, the critic remarks that "the *chevaux blancs de Rosmersholm* do not convey or suggest the White Horses of Rosmersholm." One knows that, to utterly ignorant persons, a conversation in a foreign tongue sounds strange; but it seems incredible that anyone to whom French "sounds comical" should venture to criticise a performance in the French tongue. One would like to know why the *chevaux blancs* do not convey or suggest the "white horses." Without the context, the phrase, in English, is meaningless; with it, anyone who knows the language can gather from the French the meaning, and sense in which it is used, of the term. The French company, which gave what many think the most intelligent and truthful interpretation of the work yet seen in London, have learnt all the meaning of the play by means of the French version whose words do not "convey or suggest" much to an insular critic.

A very successful series of living pictures was arranged by the 13th Hussars at Dundalk. A very interesting and appropriate picture was "The Return from Balaclava," representing some of the survivors returning from the charge. Major Baden-Powell, who bore the burden of the entertainment, explained that the 13th Hussars formed a portion of the "Noble Six Hundred," and, of 138 of the regiment who took part in the charge, but nine returned. While this tableau was being shown, he recited Tennyson's verses. "Ordered to the Front" showed a stalwart Highlander taking leave of his wife and child, while the band of the regiment is playing "The girl I left behind me." The curtain descends, and, on rising again, the soldier has disappeared from view, while his wife and child are waving adieu. The characters in this picture were represented by Sergeant-Major Colson, Mrs. Colson, and Miss Eva Lilly. Major Baden-Powell was afforded an opportunity of showing his abilities as an actor in "The Burglar and the Judge." Major Powell filled the rôle of Joe the Burglar. Captain M'Laren was the Judge. At one point of the entertainment a skirt-dancer, "Miss Daisy Bell," to wit, executed a dance that brought down the house. Few were prepared for the revelation that "Daisy" was none other than the gallant Major, whose talents are evidently of the most versatile order.

While on this subject, I must not omit to mention the excellent series, illustrated on another page, which was given in aid of the Chelsea poor. The management of the tableaux was undertaken by Mrs. E. M. Ward, Mrs. Jopling, Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., Mr. G. P. Jacomb, Hood, and Mr. T. B. Kennington, and the Chelsea pensioners appeared in Herkomer's picture.

I am told that the enlargement of University College Hospital—or rather, its rebuilding, for that is what the undertaking will practically amount to—will be commenced before long, and that the work will be entrusted to the skilled hands of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. Mr. Waterhouse, who was President of the Royal Institute of British Architects a few years ago, occupies an almost unique position as arbitrator in important cases, and has behind him a really incomparable record of splendid public buildings accomplished, among the number being the Natural History Museum, the Manchester Town Hall, Liverpool University College, Owens College, Manchester, and the Yorkshire College at Leeds. As a planner of large edifices, with complicated yet clear systems of rooms and corridors, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse has few rivals.

"Trilby," by Paul M. Potter, has been produced, under the direction of Manager A. M. Palmer, at the Park Theatre, Boston. The part of Trilby was filled by Miss Virginia Harned, a lady unfamiliar to English audiences. Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who was seen at the St. James's in "The Idler," being Svengali, and Mr. John Glendenning appearing as the Laird.

A very interesting "function" has been arranged to take place at the beginning of this month, during the professional visit of Mr. Beerbohm

Tree and his company to "the hub of the universe." The students of Harvard, always as enthusiastic in their reception of theatrical "stars" as are their colleagues in Edinburgh and Dublin, have invited Mr. Tree to give an address at Paulus Theatre. It is also probable that a "Harvard Night" will be arranged, after the manner of that given to Mr. Irving last year. Happily, both these representatives of British dramatic art are as apt at speech-making as at acting.

I referred, some months ago, in speaking of Mr. Wilson Barrett, to the long periods during which his "supporters" had remained members of his company. Some parallel facts in connection with the Augustin Daly organisation have now come to my notice. Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. George Clarke, and Mr. James Lewis were all comrades of Mr. Daly when he started in management, more than a quarter of a century back;

Miss Ada Rehan, the stage-carpenter, and the business manager have served under his banner for sixteen years; and Mr. Charles Leclercq, brother of Miss Rose Leclercq and uncle of Mr. Fuller Mellish, has been in the company two full decades. Others also have stuck to their manager for a considerable time. All the more honour alike to *impresario* and to artists!

I hear of startling innovations in the conduct of the huge bull-ring situated just outside Madrid. I am told that, among other things, there has been a combat between a bull and a lion, ending, as might be anticipated, in the death of the latter. A man-eating tiger was the next opponent of Mr. Toro.

With some experience of the bull-ring, I confess that I would not care to be one of the audience on occasions like these. If a lion or tiger took to vaulting over the barrier, what would happen? A rush, a panic, and a huge death-list. I thought that Spanish ingenuity would stop at fighting bulls with daggers or lighted torches on their horns, but I underestimated it. There is, however, in this new departure more than meets the eye. When I was in the land of the Inquisition last summer, the leading matadors were not on

good terms with the Madrid authorities, and later in the year they held a meeting, at which, I believe, it was decided to boycott Madrid during the ensuing season. Perhaps this is Madrid's answer to the boycott. Of course, with a sensation-loving public, the most sensational device will attract the largest audience, and, in calling man-eating lions and tigers to their aid, the Madrid management have undoubtedly scored a point.

The practice of ornamenting post-cards with views of certain places of interest has long been followed on the Continent, but only recently have the regulations of the Post Office made it possible in England. Messrs. Poulton, the well-known photographic publishers, have issued a series of cards with charming little views of London, and this, it is believed, is the first attempt to take advantage of the possibility. It is in contemplation to issue other cards with vignetted views of the chief cities and towns of the United Kingdom. The idea admits of a number of picturesque possibilities.



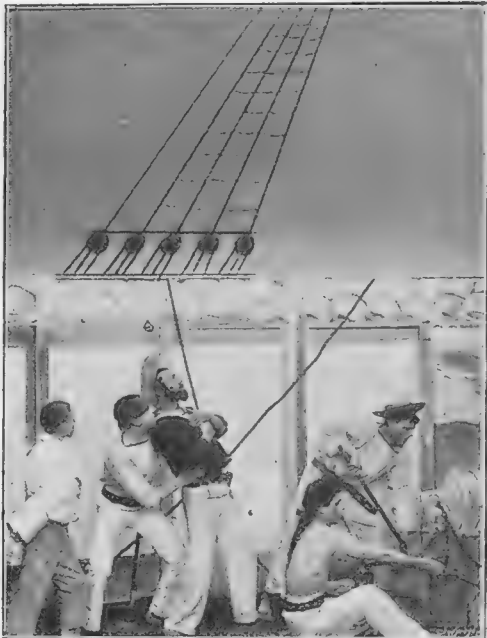
ORDERED TO THE FRONT.



ORDERED TO THE FRONT: "GOOD-BYE."



THE RETURN OF THE SIX HUNDRED.



"HEARTS OF OAK."

TOMMY ATKINS AS A TABLEAU VIVANT.

Photographs by Messrs. Galbraith, Dundalk.

The Anti-New Womanite is growing quite desperate. He—or is it she?—has taken to pillory the girl of the period in the “agony column” of the *Standard*, from whence I cull this awful warning—

DEUTERONOMY, 5th Verse, 22d Chapter.—“The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to a man . . . for all that do so are an abomination unto the Lord thy God.”

Of course, there is another side to the question—

The modern woman thinks that treads
Would add to human *bonhomie*;
And so she practises her views
In spite of Deuteronomy.

Heads serve very curious purposes in the strange world we adorn, but it has been left to the Braatz Brothers, now appearing at the Empire Theatre, to realise yet another use for them. They balance one another, head to head, in a manner perfectly marvellous. While, during the present century, there have been many and strange feats performed for the amusement of the man in the street, few men have turned this business into a science as these have. The attitude of the audience towards the brothers suggests a slight perversion of Goldsmith's well-known lines—

And still they stared, and still the wonder grew,
That two small heads could carry all theirs do.

A volume might be written about the dexterity, the quiet skill, and the wonderful self-possession of this pair. Their turn has not the disjointed appearance presented by the average acrobats; it is more like a play without words, set to the music of the “Spring Song” of Mendelssohn, and a dainty little gavotte, “La Parisienne.” Certainly I have never seen such an interesting performance on the boards of any hall, English or Continental, and it almost reconciles me to the prolonged existence of that usually depressing institution, the “variety turn.”

A very interesting little brochure has just been issued from the offices of the *Sportsman*. It is a reprint of certain statistical articles published in that paper by Mr. Harry Sargent in December last, and the figures may well “give pause” to the opponents of sport. The annual expenditure involved in hunting is estimated at six and a-half millions, shooting costs rather more than seven millions, fishing about half a million, while racing circulates some ten millions of the best, without a bet being made. After giving these overwhelming particulars, Mr. Sargent goes on to say that more than six millions is annually spent by sportsmen on British produce, such as oats, meal, hay, and such-like. He hints that agricultural depression may do more than faddists to ruin sport.

I was told rather a funny story the other day concerning Mr. Pigott's predecessor in the post of Examiner of Plays. This gentleman, it seems, had the strongest objection to the introduction of the name of the Almighty into any dramatic creation. Once, when a certain dramatist called upon him at his own house, he found the whole family, Examiner, wife, and children, all hard at work on sheets of manuscript. “Here's another ‘God,’ papa!” cried a young hopeful, as the author entered; “Scratch it out, my dear,” was the reply, “and write in ‘Heaven,’ as usual.”

At last I have received an authoritative statement as to *Vanity Fair*. It has become the property of “a gentleman of taste and credit,” almost as vague a description as that given of the new Dramatic Censor. Mr. Oliver A. Fry, I am glad to say, remains as editor and manager of the paper for which he has done such good service in the past. And the talented “old gang” will continue to provide weekly fare for us. We may look for improvements in the presentation of the wares of *Vanity Fair*, but otherwise (like the *Speakership*) “the position remains unchanged.” And I am pleased it does!

I am honestly grieved by the premature end of the *Pall Mall Budget*. I cannot say we were boys together, for the *P.M.B.* was in its twenty-seventh year, and I am a lusty infant rising three. But we had fellow-feelings, and it is a proof of my native generosity that I read the *P.M.B.* regularly, and greatly appreciated its spirit and variety. I am glad to offer a sincere tribute to Mr. Lewis Hind, who conducted it in its closing years with so much

enterprise and judgment. I shall miss it every week, and my only consolation is that its proprietor will now have more leisure for reading *The Sketch*.

By an unfortunate mistake, the lovely portrait of Miss Lena Ashwell in our last issue was attributed to Messrs. Lafayette instead of Messrs. Chancellor, of Dublin, whose charming work is often to be seen in these pages.

A nice young woman is Ellen Lowes. She pleaded infancy when cited by her employer in the County Court for spoiling a mantle. “You'd like to be as young, wouldn't you?” she said to the injured lady; and when told by the judge that infancy was not “a meritorious defence,” she retorted, “But it's jolly convenient!” The inconvenience of being an infant ought to be brought home somehow to Ellen Lowes. When she spoils another mantle, a vigorous slapping might remind her of the penalties of fractious childhood. She and those male infants who lisp their irresponsibility in the law courts would be fit companions.

Miss May Cross, who successfully took the part of Christina in “His Excellency,” at the Lyric Theatre, during the illness of Miss Nancy McIntosh, is the daughter of Miss Emily Cross, the singer and actress. She studied singing at Milan under Mottino, who was a pupil (with Salvini) of Modena. Mottino was anxious that Miss Cross should continue her study under him. He guaranteed to bring her out in Italian drama, but she was obliged to return to London. She also studied for singing at Milan, under Maestro San Giovanni and Maestro Vanni. Her first professional engagement was in the part of Elsa in “His Excellency.” She then appeared as Lady Ermenegarde in “The Knight Errant,” the little curtain-raiser at the Lyric, written and composed by Mr. Rutland Barrington and Mr. Caldicott, which ran over fifty nights, when, owing to the illness of Mr. Philp, the tenor, it was withdrawn. Miss Cross's opportunity came when Miss McIntosh was down with influenza. Her understudy was also unavailable. Miss Cross did not know a word of the part, but in two days, with the assistance of Mr. Kiefert, the conductor, and Mr. Gunn, the manager, she was able to make a successful appearance as Christina.



MISS MAY CROSS.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT CANNES.

A Battle—which fitly began with the roar of cannon—led by a Royal Prince, under a blue sky and a warm southern sun, proved one of the prettiest sights and the most successful of all the past floral engagements at Cannes. The Croisette was a mere avenue of “fair women and brave men” laden with violets and mimosa; and, as the flower-decked carriages passed and repassed, an absolute storm of bouquets rose in the air, small, soft specks against the turquoise sky, and fell, covering rich and poor alike in a veritable shower of danae. The Prince of Wales had intended to appear in one of the boats from the Britannia, but an accident to the yacht on the previous day kept all hands busy repairing it, and he made one of a large party in a flower-covered drag instead. He led the battle right royally, and was justly proud of his aim in projecting roses and mignonette in the faces of the insurgents. “You nearly broke my nose, Sir,” said a young lady afterwards, during a discussion about his success, and he kindly proposed a lunch on board the Britannia as a possible cure.

In the carriage with the Prince of Wales were Mr. Christopher Sykes (who is newly recovered from a slight illness) and some American

caused some amusement, as it is not usual to “bow” to a donkey. However, all went well. The occupants of this fragile blossom-covered erection wore white costumes, with turquoise ribbons, and the famous black donkey was heralded by General Wombwell in cream-coloured flannels.

There was a tasteful mixture of white flowers and red orchids on a phaeton driven by Mr. Dennistoun, who was accompanied by his wife; and a landau smothered in stocks and Parma violets won universal admiration. A mixture of mimosa and red camellias was neither artistic nor effective, but a small dog-cart smothered in violets and mignonette, with its occupants costumed in the same colours, and driven by Lady Nina Balfour, earned well-merited success.

A coach, decorated with the Guards’ colours, in which sat Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, M. and Madame Van Loon, and Mdlle. de Labrosse, caused a good deal of puzzled surprise as to its meaning. Two wives of Guardsmen decided finally that it evidently represented the “Upper Tooting Bicycle Club,” as there were no members of the Brigade among its owners or their guests.

The poor of Cannes are said to have been delighted with the unusual magnificence of their flower *fête*, and they were especially gratified by



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

ladies. Among the visitors to Cannes who have been honoured by an invitation on board the Britannia are Lord Sefton, Lord Brougham, Lord and Lady Albemarle, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Mr. Arthur Paget, Major Davidson, Sir Reginald Gipps (military secretary), Captain and Mrs. Vyner, Miss Willoughby, and Miss Kitty Savile-Clarke; and on Friday, pending the arrival of the Queen at the Cannes Station, the Duke of Cambridge and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg were among the guests at lunch.

A striking carriage at the Battle of Flowers was covered with palm-leaves, crusted so as to appear frosted, the ladies inside attired in a somewhat vulgar scarlet. The whole effect was startling and theatrical, and scarcely pleasing; a similar arrangement of palms, also frosted, with a quantity of sprays of blossom and oranges, was in excellent taste, and formed a pathetic souvenir of the late cold weather at Cannes, when the oranges looked quaintly incongruous amid the snow. The first prize for small vehicles fell to the share of Miss Willoughby and Miss Kitty Savile-Clarke, whose donkey-cart, covered with pink and white flowers, held in place by large bows of pale-blue satin ribbon, and with a fairy canopy of blossom, had been arranged and lent for the occasion by Captain Vyner. The latter had some apprehension that this spirited animal might take fright at the music, and either rear or lie flat down in a manner most disconcerting for its drivers, and expressed a determination to cut his property dead unless it “behaved prettily”—a remark which

the sailors, who habitually ignore the Nice Carnival, and who had a gigantic boat covered with blossom, from which they showered bouquets on the excited crowd. Among the guests at the tribune of the Cerele Nautique were Lord Sefton, Lady Rose Molyneux, Lord Brougham, Lady Galway, Lord and Lady Albemarle, Colonel and Mrs. Eaton, Captain and Mrs. Vyner, Lady Blanche Bayley, Mrs. Savile-Clarke, Vicomte de Jauzé, Vicomte de Brimont, and M. Deschamps. The other spectators were too numerous to name; and those who did not remain to take tea at the Club repaired to the usual *rendezvous chez Rumpelmayer*. The dresses worn were distinguished by extreme simplicity, Lady Albemarle being dressed in a black costume, with a suggestion of white slashing in the sleeves. Mrs. Vyner wore a dress of covert-coat cloth, with an under silk shirt of blue, and a piquant blue-velvet toque on her fair hair. Outside the tribune was a gigantic basket containing a thousand bouquets of mimosa, with which the Vicomte de Jauzé supplied his friends; and they fell in golden masses on the carriage which held the Prince of Wales.

When the cannon announced the Battle over, and the last of the carriages had left the Croisette carpeted with blossom, these soldiers, who were chiefly women, laid down their flower-arms, and rested beneath the orange-trees in the villa gardens; while the sun, which had given a halo of golden glory to the whole scene, blushed before it slept behind the snow-topped mountains. And so ended a very pleasant day.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT "BRITANNIA."

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.



THE SKIPPER.



THE CREW.

A "MASTER BUILDER."

A CHAT WITH PROFESSOR GEDDES.

A stranger sauntering down Prince's Street ("the finest street in the world"), Edinburgh, cannot but notice, if he be dowered with any artistic perception, the great irregular pile of buildings whose red-tiled roofs, pointed gables, wide low windows, and stout tower might well be a survival, if not of old Edinburgh, at least of mediæval Nuremberg or some other German city. To challenge comparison to the Castle on the one side, and to St. Giles's Cathedral on the other, must have required not a little boldness; but Professor Geddes is naturally a bold man, with the courage of his convictions, and not a few of the town folk who once scoffed at his schemes now admit that the University Hall (a "Students' Settlement") has not only fulfilled a real want, but has also added considerably to the beauty of modern Edinburgh. It chimes in well with the eternal fitness of things that the nucleus of the largest and most successful of the Professor's settlements was once the home of Allan Ramsay, the author of "The Gentle Shepherd," and so skilfully has the group of buildings been welded together that it is difficult to tell where the new structure begins and the old house leaves off, although, in the Lodge itself, the famous octagonal rooms have been retained, and are still substantially in the same condition as when they were inhabited by the poet-dramatist.

Professor and Mrs. Geddes have themselves set up their household goods in the south-western part of the picturesque and beautiful group of buildings known as Ramsay Garden. Their airy flat is situated on the third floor of the substantial round tower which forms a kind of coping-stone to the Castle Hill settlement, and from which can be seen a unique view of old and new Edinburgh, the Firth of Forth, and the country stretching north. It is easy to see that all the details which go to compose your host's "interior" have been thought out with rare artistic knowledge and foresight. Mrs. Geddes' drawing-room, so often the meeting-place of those who have made, or who are going to make, history, overlooks the Castle esplanade. An effective and uncommon scheme of colouring has been carried out in each room, and, in place of the pictures and engravings, which too often form an incongruous addition to a certain style of latter-day furnishing, panels producing the effect of frescoes line the walls of both corridors and sitting-rooms, those, by the well-known artist Mr. Mackie, illustrating the various seasons of the year being, perhaps, the most effective, from a Philistine point of view.

Once a week—every Saturday evening, if I remember rightly—the Professor and his gracious, kindly helpmeet are "at home" to their friends and acquaintances; and those distinguished globe-trotters who find their way to the Athens of the North miss a very characteristic side of Scotch life if they leave Edinburgh without having attended one of the Ramsay Lodge receptions.

As I sat in my host's strange, garret-like study, itself a strong, if silent, testimony to his untiring industry and multitudinous interests, the Professor looked, and, it must be admitted, spoke, more like a dreamer of dreams than the practical Utopian and excellent man of business which even his cautious fellow-Scots now acknowledge him to be.

"May I ask you, Professor, what first inspired you with the idea of founding University Hall in Edinburgh?"

"I was anxious," he said slowly, "to combine the advantages of the Oxford and Cambridge college system with those of the Scottish universities. I was familiar with most of the European centres of learning, and it seemed to me that an attempt could and should be made to gather together all the good in each mode of student life. We are only at the beginning," he added, "of university possibilities in Scotland. A university is, when one comes to think of it, the most permanent of all human institutions."

"Did you start with the object of providing cheaper and more comfortable accommodation for students?"

"No," he answered deliberately; "as regards Edinburgh, young men can live more cheaply in lodgings than they can in any Hall. You see, the lodging-house keeper is generally a widow who has been left with a very small sum of money but a houseful of furniture; and it pays such a woman, or she thinks it pays her, to take a number of

lodgers under cost-price. But, as the rent of our furnished study-bedrooms begins at eight shillings a week, you see it is not necessary to be a millionaire to become a member of University Hall."

"Do you limit yourselves to students?"

"No; only to men connected with the University past or present. Applicants for admission have to submit their names and two references to the already existing residents, and then they are admitted or rejected by ballot."

"You inaugurated your scheme, I believe, in quite a small way?"

"We started seven years ago, with seven men, in a small house in Mound Place; then another, in Riddle's Court, was taken. Now," he added quietly, "at Mound Place we accommodate about twenty, at the Lawn Market nearly as many, and here, in Ramsay Lodge, thirty to thirty-five," besides a full score of families, each in its own house or flat."

"And have you found it necessary to make any rules for the conduct and general behaviour of the residents?"

"Certainly not!" cried the Professor, evidently shocked at the bare suggestion. "The bond between us is a purely moral one. Each settlement is a sort of co-operative society, a kind of Anarchist community, innocent of regulations. Each member is, or should be, guided by a law within himself, not by one imposed on him from without. The purely internal affairs of each house are conducted by the residents

themselves, through a house committee elected by them monthly. I myself," he added, "keep clear of the financial side of the affair. The rents are fixed by the men themselves, in consultation with the accountant, and the food-bills, which include the keep of the servants, firing, lighting, and so on, are paid fortnightly, an equal share of the total sum being contributed by each resident."

"Can you give me any idea of what is the smallest sum at which a man can live a week in Ramsay Lodge?"

"The average food and general bill of each resident is twelve shillings a week; but, of course, the rent of the rooms differ greatly according to their situation, and vary, as I told you, from seven or eight to twenty-four or twenty-five shillings a week. Each householder, again, has the right to buy his flat out and out; I only reserve for myself the privilege of receiving the first offer, should he again wish to sell, so that the collegiate idea be not lost sight of."

"I fancy, Professor, that you must be a great believer in the humanising effect of beauty?" I remarked, remembering the exquisite taste which is discernible in each of the "diggings" which owe their being to Professor Geddes.

"I certainly consider that the organism is modified by its environment; and it is beginning to be widely recognised. Even many lunatic asylums are now being furnished and arranged on a decorative basis. My ideal has always been to build for men sensitive to beauty. I believe you will agree with me when I say that I have reason to be proud of our architects?"

"And is it true that you hope in time to rebuild old Edinburgh?"

Professor Geddes laughed contentedly. "Well, we have our eye on several delightful sites; and it has been, and will always be, our endeavour to add to the beauty and picturesqueness of the town; that is more than can be said of all builders and architects."

"And are lady-students included in your scheme?"

"Of course they are," he said promptly. "We have already made some way with the women's settlement—a dozen ladies are living in community in a block of buildings situated in Lawn Market."

"Do you find that University Hall conduces to anything like common interests and increased intellectual activity among the members?"

"Yes, indeed. What we really aim at is a condensation of the ordinary methods of society. A whole labyrinth of intellectual activities is gradually coming into existence. Here, at University Hall, too, is held the annual Summer Meeting, which is always attended, as you doubtless know, by all sorts of interesting people. This summer we hope to greet a number of notable foreigners, including Elisée Reclus, Paul Desjardins, and Professor Klein, during our month of hard academic work and play. It is a great mistake," concluded Professor Geddes, "to think of Edinburgh as a provincial town. Life here, thanks to better air and shorter distances, can be far more intense than it is in London; for instance, yesterday afternoon and evening I attended three meetings, spoke at a debate, and attended a smoking-concert to meet Irving and Chevalier." Then my host led the way back to the charming drawing-room, where Mrs. Geddes was busily entertaining a group of friends.



PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES.

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND HIS FAMILY.



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.
Photo by Reichard and Lindner, Berlin.



THE CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM.
Photo by Seile and Kuntze, Berlin.



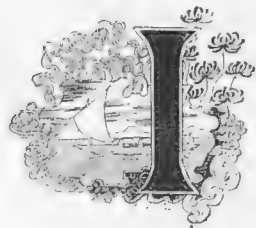
A FAMILY GROUP.
Photo by A. Fünker, Berlin.



THE KAISER AND HIS SONS.
Photo by A. Fünker, Berlin.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A PROFESSOR FOR THIRTY MINUTES.



WAS an undergraduate and he was a Don of Exham College, Oxford. We both bore the same name—Unwin-Jones. Why Dame Fate should have gifted two such antitheses with similar names, why she should have brought us to one and the same college, is inscrutable. I do not upbraid; I thank her from the bottom of my heart. I forget the frayed shirts, "dickeys," and antediluvian collars of Don Jones that the laundress fathered on me. I do not regret my wines (but not the bills therefor) that went to *his* cellar instead of to my humble cupboard. I forgive the torn envelopes in ladies' hands marked "not for Professor Jones"—everything, and why?

It was a sunny afternoon in the merry month of May as I returned at five o'clock, in flannels and a blazer, from an hour's fagging at the cricket-nets, and tripped up the stairs of my "digs," that overlooked the dear old College-gardens, whistling "Oh! Phyllis mine." I burst open the door, and—"Are visions about?" came the lightning thought, as I saw, seated in the arm-chair by my window, gazing out on the glories of the horse-chestnuts opposite, one of the—no! *the* (*vide* "subsequent events")—most charming little girls I have ever seen! By the side of the arm-chair was a Lecture Note-Book, and what I knew only too well to be Herr Crammer's "Latin Prose." She rose, bowed deferentially, and somewhat nervously began, "Oh, Professor Jones, I am so sorry I am late! Mr. Boothby, of Gamaliel, said he hadn't time to look over my prose, and asked me to bring it to you at 4.45; and said, as you sometimes took his work, you would correct it for me."

I saw it all, or rather, I saw nothing but her—slim, *petite*, with stray strands of nut-brown hair peeping from beneath a dainty straw hat trimmed with marguerites. The porter had directed her to my rooms instead of to those of the Professor (I gave him a sovereign at the end of Term). One more to the long list of mistaken identities, but worth them all. Should I undeceive her? and I thought of the dryasdust Jones. He was the sea-monster, I was Perseus, and she was—Andromeda. "A thousand times No," said my heart. I shall be a professor for thirty minutes! With all of him I could muster, and reinforced by my gold-rimmed *pince-nez*—

"Ah!—er—let me see, what—er—is your name?"

"Ethel Mayner," said *Ethel-red*, for the rosy hue had mounted to her cheek, as it did to Virgil's Venus. "I'm—I'm one of Mr. Boothby's 'Extension' pupils."

"Of course," I said, and looked professorially at a card I picked up; "here's your name."

It was a card of the XI's Summer-Term fixtures. Inwardly I vowed it would be more "Extension" than "Lecture." But *did* she think I was a professor? Could she not see my chin, innocent of a razor—the galaxy of London actresses on my mantelpiece—the hunting-sketches—my bat on the table—the syphons cheek by jowl with McFavish's "best"? Did professors play banjos, and whistle "Oh! Phyllis Mine," as they bounded up to unravel the mysteries of "Oratio Obligua" with fair pupils? I stifled surmise, and lived only in the present and the the sunshine of—Ethel. She resumed her seat, and I rang the bell. Up came the landlady.

"Bring up tea for two, Mrs. Grabbs," I said; "and send out for the best cake Boffins' have in the show—I—er—mean, the premises."

"Oh! Professor," she interposed, "please don't trouble about tea for me."

"Madam," I rejoined, "we cannot discuss the position of Cæsar in winter quarters, or that plebeian bricklayer Balbus without some light refreshment. Come, let us commence. Bring your chair up to the table." (Oh, how brutal of me! And I would have carried it miles for her dear sake; but I was a Professor!) And she drew her chair so close to mine that I could almost—"Page 21," I grunted with a beating heart, for I knew that the sentences were plain sailing till about page 30.

"Oh, no," she said, "I'm at page 210!"

My heart sank; at least, such of it as was not in my mouth. How could a twice-ploughed Fresher essay the snares and pitfalls of page 210?

"The passage begins," she continued, "'The rotation of crops,' and ends at 'rustic simplicity.'"

It was hopeless. She, Ethel-well-read, was an "Honours" candidate, and I, the *unread-y*, nothing but a manufacturer of "howlers" and classical *faux pas*.

"Er—er, ah—let me see, er—"

I gasped, and her deep-brown eyes, with a look of incipient perplexity, met mine. Her hands were toying with the handle of my bat. Would it had been me!

"I used the word *rotatio*," she said. "I hope it's not too doggy?"

"Oh, no," I sighed; "it's an excellent word—used by Bohn, I believe."

How could any word *she* used be wrong? I thought only of the miserable Don Jones from whom I had saved her. Then Mrs. Grabbs came in with the tea and cake.

"Ethel, a—er—Miss Mayner, I beg your pardon!—*do*. let me pour you out a cup of tea!"

The emphasis was more undergraduatey than professorial—the work of impulse rather than discretion, but Prudence was out when Beauty was in.

"Oh! thank you," she smiled. "You are a dear good old man!" (I had just turned eighteen—I good? A hypocrite in a fool's paradise!) "But we don't seem to be getting on very quickly?" she queried. (Oh! when were prose and poetry so closely allied?) "Crops, are they feminine or masculine?" she asked.

"Ahem!—er—it depends on the kind, you know," I replied.

"*Segetes*, is that the correct word?" And I, smitten by love and forgetful of my Latin Dictionary, told her it meant a soldier!

She sipped her tea, and tried to suppress a laugh. It was the "soldier" that did it; and, midst her emotion, a little red rosebud fell from her breast on to Herr Crammer's "Latin Prose."

"You funny man!" she rippled. It would have been cruelty from anyone else in the world, but from Ethel it was sweetness and joy. I drew my chair closer to hers; my left hand strayed towards that cricket-bat. A magnetic thrill was generating; I looked and thought only of her dream-face, her eyes, where the merry twinkle at the "soldier"-crop-per was just dying away, and I was about to—when a knock came at the door, then Mrs. Grabbs, and her words fell on my ears like molten lead—

"If you please, Sir, the porter says as Professor Jones says, as the young lady what 'e was expecting at five o'clock 'asn't arrove, he wants you at once with 'Steps for Beginners.'"

I burst from the room, fled like a hunted slave over to the Common Room, and fell into an arm-chair. My brain was in a mad whirl, Love and Ignominy striving with Deception and Remorse. Ethel! Love! She knew all—that I was a "Steps-for-Beginners" man—Ethel, who was at page 210, and "the rotation of crops"!

When I went back to my rooms at 6.30, dazed and wracked with love, the rosebud was still on Crammer's "Prose," as it fell, and a note—a note in a dainty little hand—Ethel's!—

Your tea and cake were excellent. How I wish I could say the same of your *prose*! I left the bud for you, if you care for it, and I stole your "list of pupils"—cricket fixtures. We may never meet again, Professor.—Yours, *ETHEL*.

But we did, and Mrs. Unwin-Jones always laughs at "Steps for Beginners" when she dusts it.

R. R.



PHYLLIS.

Photo by Notman and Son, Montreal.

A TALK WITH MR. JOHN S. CLARKE.

On the Thames at Surbiton, within half a mile of David Garrick's villa (writes a *Sketch* representative), stands the home of another famous player, well remembered by the playgoers of ten years ago as Mr. John S. Clarke,



MR. J. S. CLARKE.

From a portrait painted by Hugh Carter.

whose laurels are still fresh on both sides of the Atlantic, though he has long been absent from the stage, from which he retired after a career of peculiar interest. Born in America, of English family, he early adopted the stage as a profession. His success was rapid and conspicuous. Very soon he had the leading American critics, Fry, Daly, Curtis, and others, entirely with him; and before he had been fifteen years on the stage he had under his management, at one time, leading theatres in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Twenty-seven years ago Mr. Clarke came to London, where he inaugurated the "long London runs" of the old English comedies on their own merits, and attained a popularity equal to, and perhaps greater than that won on "the other side."

Mr. Clarke's charm of manner is as magical off the stage as on. During the first minute of our acquaintance he contrived to give me the impression that we had known each other for years.

"After an active life of fiction," said Mr. Clarke, "you may wonder how I keep mind and body alive in the quietude of *real* life; but then



MR. J. S. CLARKE'S VILLA (ON THE RIGHT) AT SURBITON.

you know what Cowper says"—and, with a Dr. Pangloss twinkle of the eye, Mr. Clarke quoted, "'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat to see the stir of the great Babel and not feel the crowd."

"I enjoy good health, the constant companionship of a few old and steadfast friends, and the casual visits of others from both hemispheres. Then there's this lovely country around me, the Thames in front, Hampton Court within sight; and I have my books, boat, horses, and dogs. Besides, I'm gradually putting into shape my reminiscences.

"How long is it since you acted?"

"Nearly a decade; and Charles Mathews said two years are enough for a player to be forgotten: therefore it was, I suppose, that he seldom gave people a chance to forget *him*, for he died practically in harness at seventy-five. But, so far as age goes, we find Buckstone, at seventy-seven, playing Tony Lumpkin and other country *boys*!"

"And Charles Macklin resumed acting at a hundred."

"So he did, the young rascal!" Mr. Clarke rejoined merrily; "but, at the end of the first scene, from loss of memory, he had to resign Shylock to his understudy. An actor's aspirations often outlive his activity."



MR. CLARKE AS BOB ACRES, AND MRS. STIRLING AS MRS. MALAPROP, IN "THE RIVALS."

From an oil painting in Mr. Clarke's Collection.

"Yet Douglas Jerrold says 'a man is as old as he feels'!"

"Poor Macklin was older than he felt."

"Well, Mr. Clarke, I'm glad to perceive that there's a chance of your coming back to the stage."

"Why, do I look a *hundred*?"

"I was about to express a hope that you feel as young as you look."

"You're very kind, but—don't inquire how old I am; it encourages lying. It's safe to say I've none of the feelings of a man beyond fifty. I can dodge a hansom or 'bob' a bicycle, which is more than a good many can do. As to the rumour of my return to the stage—well, that's problematic. I'm glad, however, that the matter is of sufficient significance to have led to this visit. I certainly have thought of appearing once more upon the London stage, for the happiest years of my life were spent in the old Haymarket Theatre. What a glorious audience! The most encouraging, sympathetic, and generous I ever faced. It would be interesting, you think, to hear me speak of the drama as it was, but surely the drama is old enough to speak for itself."

"Of your former associates, then?"

"Many of them have passed away. In my early days in London I received much congenial hospitality from T. W. Robertson, Phillips, Mathews, George Vining, H. J. Byron, Sothorn, and Charles Reade—all for ever gone. At Reade's hospitable house at Knightsbridge I first saw the charming Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere), who afterwards was, for a time, a feature of my Haymarket company."

"By the way," continued Mr. Clarke, "it so happened that, during my time at the Haymarket, several present-day celebrities first came to the front—Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Marion Terry, Mr. William Terriss, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, and Mr. Forbes Robertson. I venture to doubt that our grandfathers witnessed better acting than that of those I've just mentioned and the London dramatic artists of our time. That's a 'dowse' for the 'drama as it was'—so much for Buckingham!" as Richard III. remarks."

"Richard III. suggests Kean; but he was long before your time?"

"Yes; he died before I was born—so did Richard III., but I slept

in his bed. The Christmas of 1867 I spent with Charles Reade at Oxford. Reade was a Fellow of Magdalen, as you know, and the grand old man in cap and gown looked, I remember, almost 'every inch a king' as he showed me the sights of the city. Having served me a punch mixed with his own hands in Cardinal Wolsey's golden goblet, he assigned me a room, the one in which Richard III. is said to have spent his only night in Oxford. It was not there, however, that the 'souls of all he murdered came moaning to his tent,' or my rest might have been disturbed by visions of the crooked-backed tyrant himself."

"Did you see Macready perform?"

"Once, Richelieu, when I was a lad. All I can distinctly remember of the play is a bit of the 'Baradas' of John Ryder. I can see him now. I've acted with J. W. Wallack, G. V. Brooke, Charlotte Cushman, and Edwin Forrest. I was cast for Osric to the Hamlet of Forrest, who was a terror to tyros. One night, for some reason or other, Forrest had played rapidly, and when I entered the theatre it was within a few minutes of my own entrance as Osric. Hamlet was at the lines: 'Alas poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.' I gave one wild glance at the stage, then bellowed 'Dresser, where are you?' simultaneously with Hamlet's utterance 'of most excellent fancy.' Forrest, nettled at the yell, exclaimed, in the same tone as before, 'The beast! If he were here I'd strangle him!'—an introduced passage puzzling to the audience."

"I did not hear the sublime interpolation," continued Mr. Clarke, who acted his story as he told it; "but, scrambling into my costume just in time, was totally at a loss to understand the growl and savage glare with which Hamlet greeted my entrance. 'Had I put on a slipper and a boot? Had I padded my shins instead of my calves? Had I put on a low comedy red wig for flaxen ringlets? A dozen such perplexing thoughts arose; but, nevertheless, Osric did not falter in his difficult speeches though sad forebodings shook him while he spoke. At the close I learned all. Subsequently Forrest and I became lifelong friends."

Later in the afternoon Mr. Clarke, whose hospitality is boundless, showed me his pictures, of which Lely's "Nell Gwynne" is his most cherished treasure. He possesses also Sir Joshua's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," and among his portraits are those of Peg Woffington, Elliston, the Booths, Emery, and Incedonas Captain Machcath, with Gay appropriately next him on the wall. There is also a rare view of Garrick's Villa from the Backwater. A large framed collection of autographs includes those of Kemble, Kean, Elliston, Tyrone Power,



AS DR. PANGLOSS IN "THE HEIR-AT-LAW."

Photo by Fradelle, Regent Street, W.

and both the Farrens, and each signature affords Mr. Clarke a text for racy conversation. Time, however, at last ruthlessly hurried us apart; but Mr. Clarke would not lay aside the rôle of host even at the front door, for he walked with me to the station. His step, which is as brisk and merry as his tongue, and as elastic as his wit, convinces me that Mr. Clarke omitted to show me a treasure he must keep hidden somewhere—the elixir of youth and life.

HOUS D'ŒUVRES.

It is a comfort to find that the advice tendered in this column (and some hundreds of other columns) to the new London County Council seems in a fair way of being accepted. The moderate and sensible men of the Progressives, the progressive and sensible men of the Moderates, are making their influence felt as the deciding element. The grab-all policy of the Jacobin section has been, in part, foiled by the common sense of the average member. The design attributed—apparently without protest on his part—to Mr. Charles Harrison, to ignore the late election and carry through an extreme policy by means of a non-elective majority, is seen to be futile. Democracy, after all, means government in accordance with the will of the people; it does not mean government as the people ought (perhaps) to wish it, but do not.

Yet there are many, who call themselves Democrats, who never recognise "the People," except as supporting themselves. They say they represent "the People," and their opponents only "the Classes" or "Villadom," or what Mill calls "sinister interests." Then, by whittling away this and that section of the votes that give their opponents equality, or even a majority, they triumphantly prove that their own party remains "the People." Even this resource is somewhat thin, when the East-End begins to revolt, and Battersea proves ungrateful to its Tribune. And surely even "the Classes" have a right to one vote per householder; and tenancy of a villa, whether standing in its own grounds or semi-detached, is not a self-evident cause for disfranchisement. Representatives must not pick and choose, and say they will be elected by one half of the community to tax the other half. That way lies civil war.

The rule of the majority is the principle of modern government, not because it ends disputes rightly, but because it ends them somehow. An unjust decision is better than an endless litigation. The Polish Diet was so anxious to secure an ideal harmony that it would decide unanimously or not at all. The latter was the rule, with the result that independent Poland disappeared from the map. Even in independent Poland there was a procedure for suspending this individual right to veto, though only by a sort of legal insurrection.

The Jacobins, though Democrats in theory, resolved to govern not as the People wanted, but as the People, if a duly virtuous and Jacobin People, ought to want. Hence, although in a decided minority by count of heads, they seized upon power by means of their organisation and a certain amount of mob support, and ruled France in the teeth of the opinion of most Frenchmen. But Jacobin principles were carried further. That eminent though premature Progressive, Robespierre, discovered that the majority of the Jacobins were acting not as true Jacobins—that is to say, himself and a few friends—would have them act. He proceeded to carry out the true Will of the genuine People by guillotining those who differed from him. How many persons (beside himself) constituted the true People we shall never know, for at a comparatively early stage of the purifying process the majority of the Jacobins turned and rent the reformer, and he was guillotined in the prime of his life and his best blue coat with brass buttons.

The moral of this sad history is that, in order to carry out the Will of the People, it is best to find out what the People wants; and if it does not want anything startling in any direction, it is best to do nothing startling. If the electors return equal, or nearly equal, numbers of opposing parties to any governing assembly, it is a sign that the citizens care more for good administration than for distinctively party measures. Possibly, the "young men who dream dreams" may refuse to recognise this fact; but it is the middle-aged men, who have decent digestions, and therefore do not dream at all, whom we should prefer to conduct our affairs. We do not choose young enthusiasts to conduct our cases in law courts, or to manage our factories and offices, or to audit our accounts. Inspired young prophets are well enough to write fervid, if not always grammatical, leading articles; but would the most Democratic newspaper-proprietor choose such for editor?

Inspiration, whether in politics or in literature, is very deceptive. The great poets have felt it, but so have the little ones. And whether great or little, I fancy the bards feel inspired quite as often over their worst verses as over their best. At the age of nine or ten, I think, I remember being moved to tears by the beauty of some verses I had composed. Inspiration, to be really effective and valuable, must be *verbal* inspiration. The inspiration that moves a man to write on a given subject may lead to doggerel just as easily as to poetry. The inspiration that gives him a vivid description, a musical rhythm, a satisfying rhyme—this alone is precious.

MARMITON.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE BIRKBECK INSTITUTE.

Half a century ago there was hardly a town of any size without its Mechanics' Institute. Most of these places have long since expired, and been respectably buried and forgotten, but the pioneer of them all is still in the heyday of prosperity. The Birkbeck Institute is a people's university for the City of London, and is even more truly a centre of popular culture than were either Paris or Oxford in their most democratic days. Its students are numbered by the thousand, and night after night almost every room in the building off Chancery Lane is the scene of unceasing activity. In the large hall will perhaps be found over a



MR. GEORGE M. NORRIS.

Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

thousand people listening to some famous lecturer; in the apartments around and above are groups of bright, eager young men and women climbing together the ladder of learning. The visitor can go through rooms innumerable, language-rooms, a law department, a school of art, a science department, a monster library, and many others, until he finishes at the top of the house with a floor solely devoted to chemistry.

A few evenings ago I sat with Mr. Norris, the Principal of the Birkbeck, in his office on the ground floor of the building, and he told me something of its story. The room itself was well worth examining. On its walls were innumerable portraits of the patrons of the Institute, people of the most diverse views and positions. A well-known Radical journalist was not far from a group of Royalists, Huxley and Tyndall were for once in line with the "good" Earl of Shaftesbury, and prominent politicians of all shades of opinion hung together in peace.

But I must confess that an object of far greater interest to me was a large, worn block of stone that stood in the place of honour at one end of the room. This, the original foundation-stone of the first London Mechanics' Institution, was found last July, when an old house in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, was taken down. Its sides and corners are chipped and broken, and much of the writing on it is almost undecipherable. Above it are now placed papers that were found in a cavity of the stone. There is a portrait of Dr. Birkbeck, the father of popular culture, looking as fresh as though it had only been taken a few weeks ago, instead of over seventy years back. Beside it is an ornamental scroll, written to celebrate the erection of the Institute in 1824. The names of the active supporters of the scheme are written on it, and among them one finds such well-known folks as Henry (afterward Lord) Brougham, Grote, the historian, and James Martineau.

"You will notice," said Mr. Norris, as he showed me the stone, "that all the names are those of Radical politicians. Seventy years ago it was looked upon as a dangerous experiment to educate the people, and the plan met with much opposition. Dr. Birkbeck had held classes, in 1823, at Glasgow to give mechanics technical instruction, and when he came to London he felt the need of some building which would serve as a centre for this work, so the London Mechanics' Institution was erected in 1824. Twenty years afterwards all the classes were thrown open to women as well as men, and thus we were the pioneers of mixed education in England. We have had many inquiries whether no difficulties result, moral or otherwise, but there have been none.

"In course of time the name was changed from the Mechanics' Institution to the Birkbeck, after the founder. It was felt that the old name did not give a correct idea of the place. We aim now to give a training higher than can be had in somewhat similar institutions, a training that will take our students up to and make them ready for the universities. Several of them now sit for the London University examinations, and some go to Oxford and Cambridge. This year one man earned a scholarship of £60 a year for three years and college fees from the London County Council Technical Education Fund, and has gone to Cambridge. The first lady who passed the South Kensington Calculus examination was trained here."

"No doubt many of your pupils have afterwards become famous?"

"Yes; but it is impossible to remember the names of all who pass through here, so that we often cannot find out about them. But I myself can recollect several members of Parliament, a Lord Mayor, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. Mr. Sydney Webb, the Chairman of the Technical Committee of the London County Council, was one of our members; and Mr. Passmore Edwards, the editor of the *Echo*, said, when he spoke at one of our meetings, that he had studied here. But I cannot give you names, for one reason: many of our members, who afterwards become famous, do not care to have it known that they received their education at evening classes; they think it might affect their social position. It is a kind of false pride, but we must respect it, so I never give the name of an old student unless I have his permission. The Fellow of the Royal Society whom I spoke of would never allow it to be mentioned that he had attended our classes."

"Why is it that the Birkbeck has been a success when nearly all of the old Mechanics' Institutes failed?"

"It is because we have adapted ourselves to the times. Before the Elementary Education Act most mechanics were not sufficiently advanced to appreciate the importance of technical education, and many of the older ones are not still. The watchmaker, for instance, who works by rule of thumb, is able to get through his work, and cannot see what use it would be for him to learn mathematics. Most of our students now are not mechanics, but clerks, warehousemen, and others employed about the City. Once, in 1856, this Institute was in a very low state, and nearly had to close its doors. Thirty years ago, when I first joined as an



MR. W. H. CONGREVE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

honorary teacher, I submitted a fresh scheme to the Committee, proposing that they should open several new classes. This was adopted, and, as the classes were opened, fresh students flocked to them."

But Mr. Norris did not add, as he might well have done, how much the Birkbeck owes to the inspiration of his own personality. Ever since he threw in his lot with it, first as honorary teacher, then as secretary, and finally as principal, he has been the life of the Institute. When, in 1873, he resigned the secretaryship, he was succeeded by Mr. W. H. Congreve, on whom the whole of the routine work of the Institute has since fallen. The present permanent structure in Bream's Buildings, erected at a cost of £30,000, and opened nearly ten years ago by the Prince and Princess of Wales, is an enduring monument to their energy and devotion.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



MISS MARJORIE COPE.—PERCY MACQUOID, R.I.

NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition of Van Mareke's pictures at the Goupil Gallery is one of the minor shows of the season which no lover of the art of painting should fail to attend. Van Mareke (who, when he died, four years ago, was some sixty-four years of age) always professed to be a pupil of Troyon; and, indeed, his pupilage, if such it was, is among the pleasantest



THE YELLOW BUTTERFLY.—MISS JANE M. DEALY, R.I.

Now on exhibition at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

instances of modern art, at times rising, as all such relationship should, to the dignity of rivalry. There are certainly some pictures in this little exhibition of Goupil's to which Troyon might, with perfect dignity, have affixed his signature. But the exhibition is inevitably dull.

Among some three dozen and more pictures, we select as the three finest, "Bringing in the Cattle, Summer-time" (No. 10); "The White Cow" (No. 15), and "The Dun Cow" (No. 34). Of these we may speak in turn. No. 10 is a picture nobly planned, nobly judged, nobly accomplished. The landscape stretches remotely among the wan water and sunny patches of green to dim trees and thicker foliage. The distances are perfectly interpreted. The atmosphere envelopes every figure with its own subtle and imperious government of nature, and the thing, to finish, is admirably drawn. It has the additional merit of being sanely and impressively poetical.

"The White Cow" is not, perhaps, an instance of so many difficulties triumphantly overcome; but it is none the less a difficult task accomplished to admiration. The splendid figure of the animal, standing prominently to the foreground in the slant rays of a hot sun, the solid landscape, the deep blue of the sky—all is in perfect order, and with a beautiful propriety. "The Dun Cow," though hardly so impressive as these others, is yet fine both in colour and in design. Where in other pictures there is not quite this mastery both in form and in colour, the distinction of fine art, nevertheless, remains with them. You cannot expect any master to be always at his best; but even in such comparative failures as "The Rivulet," which is too low in tone, too dull in colour, to be interesting in the highest sense, or in "Evening Glow," the colour

of which is too idealised to be quite sincere, the artist is still an artist of fine brush-work and of fine imagination.

The first one-man show on exhibition at the Clifford Galleries, in the Haymarket, is dedicated to the honour and glory of Mr. Aubrey Hunt, an artist of some merit, who has painted some sixty-six small pictures of Tangier from various points of view. Some thirteen of these are in water-colour; the rest are in oil. On the whole, we prefer Mr. Hunt in his oils. The most prominent of Mr. Hunt's defects resides in his imperfect appreciation of the value of light; and, by some necessary law, this is made somewhat more apparent in water-colour than in oil. The result is that the former appear as somewhat dull in general effect, which spoils the best of this little series, "Alcazar, Morocco" (No. 41), otherwise an interesting and well-judged composition.

In his oils Mr. Aubrey Hunt is often vigorous, active, and talented. He inclines sometimes to paint too plainly, too brusquely; he is not content with the mere illusion: he tries to rise superior to it, and points to his paint rather than to a realised subject. "At the Soko Gate, Tangier" (No. 18), is, however, save for a rather inevitable dullness of sky, a fine composition in colour and grouping, and a kind of momentary activity. His "Venetian Fishing Boats" (No. 7) is charming in colour, and his "Grand Mosque, Tangier" (No. 6), is really lighted by the sun—an accomplishment rare to Mr. Hunt's brush. Occasionally he has extremely happy audacities of colour, as in "Moorish Soldier, Tangier" (No. 46), where a little passage of green, at first sight somewhat exceptional, is found to heighten the key in a most satisfactorily harmonious manner. "Powder Play" (No. 52), although impressive for the most part, just fails at that point where it is meant to be particularly engrossing—the movement of the horses. As a matter of fact, the horses do not move in this picture; they are poised for the act of rushing, but they do not rush. At the very end of the catalogue one comes to, perhaps, the best picture of the show, "Dordrecht" (No. 65). It is good in colour, and is atmospheric. *O si sic semper!* Still, Mr. Hunt has a talent, and we trust to his success.

On the whole, the one-man shows now in London are of considerable interest. We have dealt above with the admirable collection of Mareke's



THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.—MISS JANE M. DEALY, R.I.

Now on exhibition at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

pictures at Goupil's. Mr. Elgood's "Gardens," which we have also noticed before, at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, may repay a second visit. They are both brilliant and poetic, if occasionally erring on the side of gorgeousness. Rome in the beauty of its Borghese Villa, Tangier with its wealth of bloom, all the fine array of the South is here gathered together in splendid order. At the same rooms are Mr. Gifford Dyer's admirable Venetian studies, in which he has really caught the beauty of Italian sea-changes and dim Mediterranean mists. In one-man shows the Fine Art Society comes easily first in point of average excellence. Mareke is a *rarissima avis*.

Rowlandson has swung into popular favour again. Only the other week there was an exhibition of his works, and now Mr. Joseph Grego, a great admirer of the caricaturist, has made him the subject of the new issue of *Pears' Pictorial*. His work, always striking, covered nearly every side of public life during a period of forty years. Born in Old Jewry in 1756, he was exhibiting at the Royal Academy at the age of nineteen, and continued to produce an enormous quantity of work almost until his death in 1827. Mr. Grego has given an admirable selection of Rowlandson's best work in the many directions in which his curious fancy led him to practise his pencil.



HEAD OF A LIONESS.—HERBERT DICKSEE.

Exhibited at the Society of Painter Etchers.



SPRING.—ERNST LAMBERT.

TABLEAUX AT CHELSEA.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



THE YOUNG PRODIGAL.



MRS. FRY AT NEWGATE.



MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS IN THE TEMPLE AFTER THE REVOLUTION.



TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES AT OLYMPIA.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Wonderful as "The Orient," at Olympia, is when viewed from the public side of the footlights, it is infinitely more marvellous when viewed from the wings. Though, of course, the general effect is lost to a great extent by a side view, the spectacle is not a whit less interesting. What strikes one chiefly is the triumph of organisation. Everything goes with clockwork regularity, the huge armies being marshalled without the least confusion.

One of the prettiest and most effective ballets is that performed by the African dancers. Almost the best place to see it, I was assured by Mr. Kiralfy and his manager, Mr. Hayden, is the Prompt entrance of the stage. Stationed there, accordingly, by the kindness of these gentlemen, I witnessed what is possibly one of Mr. Kiralfy's most artistic achievements. The girls who take part in it are chosen for special excellence in grotesque dancing, and a deftly nimble company they certainly prove themselves, as they go through a striking scene of barbaric splendour.

The costumes and armour are a sight in themselves, and these, as well as the properties, certainly bear close examination. The very devices on the banners are embroidered with the minutest and most conscientious detail, even where the great distance of the audience might have permitted what was merely effective without being elaborate. The strictest order is enforced in laying aside properties and dresses. Fifteen minutes after the curtain descended, I was shown through the long ranges of men's dressing-rooms, and found every costume folded and laid in its numbered niche with soldier-like precision.

In the performance itself, the daring ladder and jumping feats of the Ibrahim Troupe are specially noticeable. These performers hold small rehearsals behind the scenes up to the very last moment. Little Miss Ibrahim is the pet of the troupe. She hails from Tangier, and is a bright, dark-complexioned little woman, who plays her pantomime part with great credit. She is an active, clever little acrobat, and dances very prettily. Her elder sister, Minna, is also an accomplished performer.



LES PETITES CONRADS.



CORNUCOPIA BEARER.



AFRICAN DANCING-CHILD.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MR. MEREDITH'S SHORT STORIES.*

This is a volume for which Mr. Meredith's admirers may justly claim the pith and marrow of his quality. It contains two of his most delightful women, Chloe and Lady Camper: Chloe, tenderest of martyrs, Lady Camper, victorious by Celtic wit over that dense and deserving Saxon, General Ople, to whom is applied, for the first time, the phrase that enjoyed a subsequent reputation—"one of our conquerors." To these ladies may be added, by way of foil, Susie, Duchess of Dewlap, type of the heedless beauty who must fall a victim to some handsome scamp or other if no faithful Chloe be there to save. I have never been able to understand why Beau Beamish, to whose charge the Duke entrusted his bouncing milkmaid for a brief change from that conjugal felicity which for him meant fatiguing romps in corridors, conceived the unfortunate idea of calling the lady "Dewlap," an instant provocation to dangerous waggery. True, the Duke, "august and solitary" like his class, had some scruple about sending his wife to the Wells under her own title, though, on the face of it, that ought to have been a better protection than Beamish's fantasy. The Beau is master of this little world of fashion, and his most faithful ally is Chloe, a lady who wasted her fortune to pay the debts of a worthless scapegrace, one Caseldy. He left her years before, and profited by her bounty to engage in adventures which have not enhanced his credit. Nothing but ill report of him, indeed, comes to her ears: yet she waits patiently for his return, and when he reappears, soon after the advent of Duchess Susie, she believes for a little while that he means to marry her at last. The delusion is short-lived, for Caseldy is in pursuit of the Duchess, and an elopement is prevented by Chloe, who hangs herself over the door by which Susie must escape from her rooms. Groping in the dark, she touches a strange obstruction. "Above her head, all on one side, the thing had a round white top. Could it be a hand that her touch had slid across? An arm, too! This was an arm! She clutched it, imagining that it clung to her. She pulled it to release herself from it, desperately she pulled, and a heap descended, and a flash of all the torn nerves of her body told her that a dead human body was upon her." Thus Chloe died to save her friend from ruin and to wring the bosom of her faithless lover. It is a beautiful and pathetic little idyll, set among the rather mannered graces of the period, when the autoerat of the Wells talked that high comedy of which Mr. Meredith has the secret. The tragedy of Chloe breathes through all an exquisite simplicity, devotion, and forgiveness, for the poor soul, who had tied on a silken string the knots which marked the years of her lover's absence, took her life with this cord, yet had no jot of bitterness against the man.

Of the second story, "The House on the Beach," I have read some disparagement. Mr. Quiller-Couch is astonished by its poverty. One of the characters calls himself Van Dieman Smith, which strikes "Q" as a laborious attempt to be funny. The humour of the tale he describes as "wooden." I should have thought it impossible for two professed admirers of Mr. Meredith to dispute about his humour. Yet I do not hesitate to fling the epithet "wooden" in "Q's" teeth. If it had the substance of its name, he would stand in need of a dentist. Is Mr. Martin Tinman composed of material that is fitted for a bench? He is a breeder of headaches, for he is notorious among his neighbours for the most evil liquors. Everyone who remembers the rhapsodies of good wine in George Meredith's novels ought to revel in the humour of Tinman's infamous sherry—the sherry he talks gravely of "laying down." Van Dieman Smith is a returned colonist, with a name borrowed from the convict who left him money. For, in his early years, he deserted from the Army, driven to that extremity for the sake of his wife, who had the misfortune to be too much admired by the officers; and he has come back to England with an only daughter, to look up his old comrade, Tinman. The old comrade is jealous of the colonist's

wealth and growing influence in the town; and, egged on by his sister, who appreciates his magnificence but avoids his sherry, he threatens to tell the War Office about the deserter, unless Van Dieman Smith's daughter will marry him. The sister is one of Mr. Meredith's successes, and the daughter is not; but the two men are delicious. Tinman, in his capacity as foremost citizen, meditates a visit to London, to present an address to the Queen of loyal congratulation on some felicity; and he prepares for this by rehearsing his appearance in a Court-dress. This theme begets some exquisite passages about the British devotion to rank; and he must be a dull islander indeed who does not appreciate Mr. Meredith's railery. Tinman rehearses in the presence of his sister, who sits in a chair to represent the Queen, while, with the aid of a pronouncing-dictionary, he delivers the Address. This aspect of Tinman, contrasted with his meanness, his ignorance, and his bad dinners, makes a rich entertainment, though the story is not otherwise remarkable. Possibly some of the irritation it has excited is due to the ruffled feelings of Englishmen, who find Mr. Meredith quite undisguisedly laughing at them. He says "they are experiments, the sons and victims of a desperate Energy, alluring by cheapness, satiating with quantity, that it may mount in the social scale at the expense of their tissues. The land is in a state of fermentation to mount, and the shop which has shot half their stars to

their social zenith is what verily they would scald themselves to wash themselves free from." Perhaps it is this satire which "Q," in a patriotic fit, finds "wooden."

As for "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper," it is an irresistible bit of pure comedy. The General is one of those warriors whose hearts are in the right place, but whose wits are something to seek. He has a daughter, who falls in love with Lady Camper's nephew. He himself aspires to that lady's hand, but, provoked partly by certain innocent foibles, such as the habit of describing his dwelling as "a gentlemanly residence," and partly by his lack of candour about money matters, she leads the poor gentleman a terrible dance. Luring him into a declaration, she frightens him to death by announcing that she is seventy. Dull of apprehension, he does not see the ruse. He has given her his word, and he means to adhere to it gallantly, but his distress at her age piques her into further malice. The General is harassed horribly at every turn. Having avowed that her complexion is false, though any decent observation would have told the General that she was fibbing, she proceeds, "Now to business." "If your ladyship insists on calling it business, I have nothing to offer—myself." "You have a gentlemanly residence." "It is, my Lady; it is. It is a bijou!" "Ah!" Lady Camper sighed dejectedly. "It is a perfect bijou!" "Oblige me, General, by not pronouncing the French word as if you were swearing by something in English, like a trooper." The luckless officer is tormented in this style for a while, and then told that she is seventy. Though he has eyes in his head, this fiction imposes upon him, he gets deeper and deeper into the mire, and the lady goes off in dudgeon. Then begins a peculiar persecution. Lady Camper is an artist, and her satirical pencil humiliates the General before the whole neighbourhood. With perfect simplicity he carries her letters to his friends to show strange pictures of the "City of Wilsonople," a sentry-box, underneath which is the legend, "a gentlemanly residence." After a succession of caricatures, the excellent but slow-witted hero perceives that he is a butt. The crowning outrage represents him with his necktie hanging loose, and he shows it to a sympathising company, protesting that such a thing has never been known of him, though at that moment he is actually without any necktie and collar. Finally, the victim is released from the scaring lash; and, having convinced him that he has made a fool of himself, and that, so far from being seventy, she is only turned forty, Lady Camper graciously bestows on him her hand. The whole story bubbles with wit, and yields new diversion at every reading. Moreover, it is all in Mr. Meredith's least-elaborated manner, and that in itself is no small refreshment.



THE CHÂLET, BOX HILL.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XXXVIII.—MESSRS. GIRDLESTONE, RAVEN HILL, AND
"PICK-ME-UP."

As I walked up Chancery Lane, and, turning down Southampton Buildings, went past the entrance-doors of the Patent Office, and found myself facing the gates of Staple's Inn, where the chambers of Vice-



MR. RAVEN HILL.

Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

Chancellor Malins used to be, and to this day is the Land Registry Office, the idea came upon me that it was absurd that such a lively paper as *Pick-Me-Up* should be published in such a legal neighbourhood—I could hardly believe that I was on the right road.

I began my task by asking—"Who is the director of the paper?"

"Raven Hill is specially responsible for the artistic side of the paper," replied Mr. Girdlestone, "and I have the general control and look after the literary and business department in particular."

"I've been longest on the paper," said the artist. "I was not on the paper from quite the first. *Pick-Me-Up* was born on Saturday, Oct. 6, 1888. I joined in March, 1889, and have worked for the paper ever since."

"Who founded it, and with what idea?"

"Reichardt founded it on the idea that there was room for a modern comic paper that kept clear of politics. I don't think he meant to copy any existing paper. *Fliegende Blätter*? Well, that was the nearest; still, it's quite different."

"What artists have we had? Why, everyone. I couldn't give you a list—I might miss some that ought to be named—but, roughly speaking, almost every living English draughtsman of importance, and lots of splendid American, French, and German artists too. Our present staff? Eckhardt, an Englishman; Kemp, who has a great gift for bicycling pictures; J. T. Manuel, a very clever chap—yes, his coloured work is capital; Gerbault, who is French; Oscar Wilson."

"Oscar Wilson—is he related to Edgar or Leslie?"

"Now, it's funny: the three Wilsons have worked for us, all have unusual Christian names, and they aren't related a bit. Talking of Oscar, did you see Max Beerbohm's caricature in our paper of Oscar Wilde? It's lovely. I'll send for it. Max is the only caricaturist we've got. Lots of chaps can draw a portrait badly and think it's a caricature; but he really caricatures, though he can't draw a bit. Just look at that; doesn't that show the inner soul of Oscar? Max has a curious method. He just stares at the people—'soaks,' so to speak; doesn't draw at the time, but goes away, and does an impression based on what he sees and feels, and so gets behind the mask. Look at this one of Harry Furniss: look at that forehead!"

"Where was I born?" continued Mr. Raven Hill. "I was born at Bath, on March 10, 1867. I was reared at Bristol. When I grew up a

bit, Dunthorne, of Vigo Street, sent me to Paris, and I went into the studios of Bouguereau, Carlo Rossi, Émile Moreau, and others, and did lots of work. Of course I knew Pelletier and the Hôtel St. Malo. I stayed there. When were you there?" Here followed irrelevant reminiscences on both sides of glad, mad days in the Quartier Montparnasse.

"Then I came back," he continued, "and painted acres of pictures that didn't sell. Then my ambition and funds got lower, and I did all sorts of work, and used to go down to newspaper offices with a portfolio heavy with drawings, and bring it back none the lighter; and the people in the offices kindly told me how to draw, and what art means, and gave me hints about design, and were hurt when I said I could carry out their ideas with a fork and a pat of butter."

"Now, however," said I, "things aren't quite like that. I see your work in the *Pall Mall Budget*, and I remember a powerful picture of yours at the Grosvenor. Now, where do you get your jokes?"

"Oh, I invent most of mine. How? Well, sometimes they come as simply as 'Good morning,' and sometimes I worry over one for days. I get an idea, and know there's a joke in it, and I just wrestle with it till the joke comes out, and I write it down, and re-write, and polish, so as to put on the sharpest point. I hate illustrating other fellows' jokes."

"We get a lot," said the managing editor, "from a professional jokist, and lots are sent in, but most of the latter are like the unsolicited drawings that come to us—not worth sixpence, and they expect a great deal more—and get it, when they're good enough. Copyright difficulties? I keep straight; I know how absurd the law is. And, talking of law, what about the Liverpool prosecution? Idiotic nonsense! Fancy pretending that we printed the paper so that by holding it up to the light you might get shocking effects, owing to one picture coming over another! Pretending that, and being unable to suggest that we called attention to the fact. You saw one of the incriminated copies; could you see the sin in it?"

I had to admit myself not virtuous enough to find the impropriety, and I felt half vexed that they had destroyed the issue voluntarily, and refused to supply the half a million demanded as soon as the case was heard of. It is a matter of history that the idiotic, disgraceful prosecution was a failure.

"By the way," said Mr. Girdlestone, "I want you to mention that we've changed the character of the paper greatly. It used to be a collection of little bits of comic stuff; now we use serious as well as humorous matter, and I am very careful to get really good literary



MR. A. H. GIRDLESTONE.—A SKETCH BY MR. RAVEN HILL.

matter. We do not want to be a kind of *Illustrated Snippets*, or anything of that sort, but an illustrated weekly magazine of the grave and gay. Does the new policy pay? Rather!"

I indiscreetly inquired the circulation—it is almost as indelicate to ask a paper's circulation as to ask a lady's age. They looked at one another.

"We give a printer's certificate to advertisers, and you may put down 140,000," replied Mr. Girdlestone; "sometimes more, sometimes less; and it is going up steadily and in proportion to the improvements we have made. The improvements, not merely in giving far better literary matter, but also in mechanical matters, are substantial. For

instance, 'Through the Opera Glass,' which Mr. Arnold Goldsworthy writes, under the signature 'Jingle,' is much closer to date than it used to be. Of course, with so large a circulation and such careful printing as ours, we cannot be actually up to date. Why, we have to ship copies on Saturday of the next Tuesday's issue! Something about myself? Come, now, that won't do! I'm not a person of prodigious importance, and my life is not full of adventures. Well—if I must!—I was a New College man, and, while there, broke out into poetry. *The Man of the World* first took up my work. I was going in for the Indian Civil Service, and passed the open competitive exam., but the writing

MISS NANCY NOEL.

Miss Nancy Noel, who has been playing one of the *fancées* in "A Loving Legacy," at the Strand, has already been seen on the London boards, as well as having served her provincial apprenticeship. Her latest engagement was with Mr. Tree at the Haymarket, for the part of Violet in "A Bunch of Violets," and during that engagement with the Haymarket company she played the Maid in "The Red Lamp," appearing in the performance at Balmoral before the Queen. Miss Noel is one of



MISS NANCY NOEL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

mania was too strong, and I came to London and set up as a journalist. In a few years I have had varied experience. I was sub-editor of *Woman*, of the *Players*, and the *St. Stephen's Review*. I also did some country work, and used to write as much as ten columns a week for the *Postscript*, a Bristol Sunday paper; and I worked at a shipping paper called *Transport*. I wrote also for the *Weekly Sun*. I have been editing *Pick-Me-Up* for something over a year. What do I write on the paper? A good many of the 'Incidents and Interludes,' and stories and odd work."

By this time the crowd of people waiting to see the editor, who wouldn't "keep him more than a minute," had grown formidable and audible; so I took my leave of the two brilliant young men, both well on the right side of thirty, who, as editor and art-editor, conduct the bright, amusing *Pick-Me-Up* with remarkable ability.

MONOCLE.

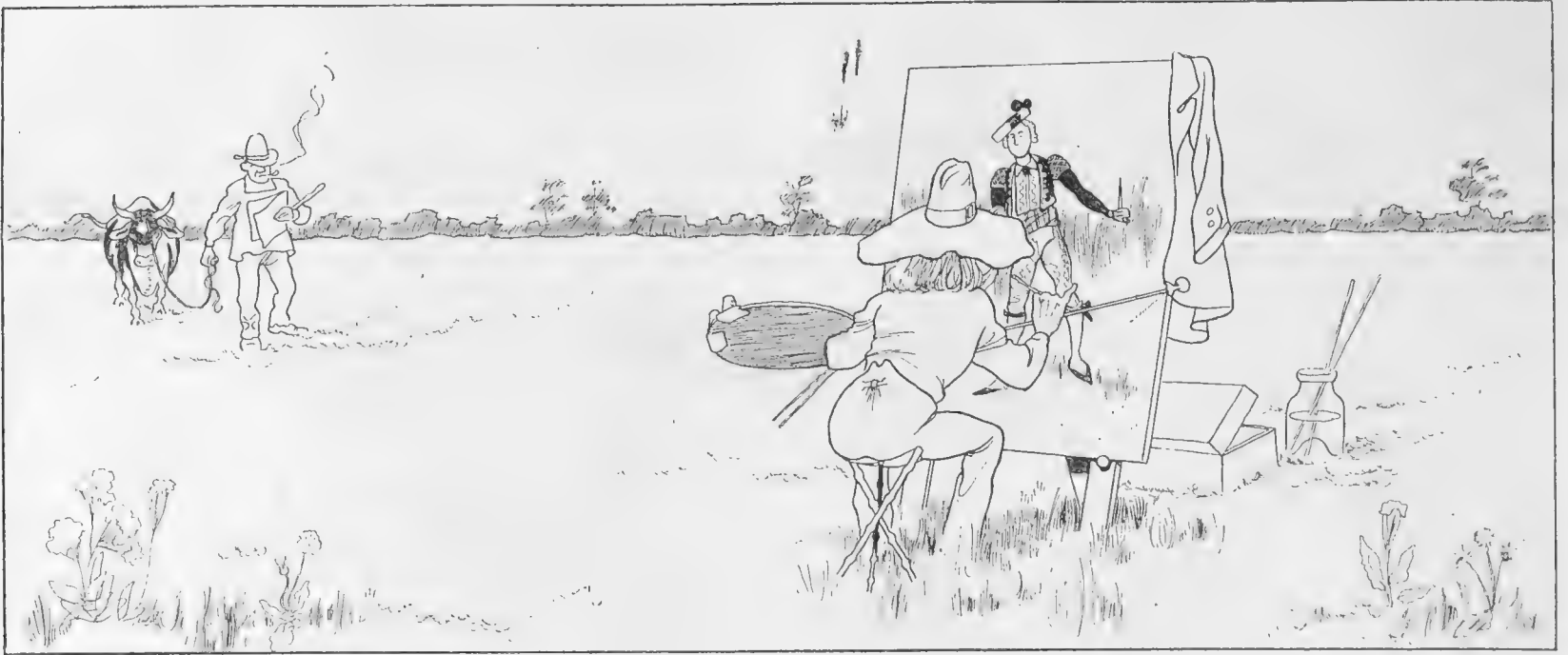
the youngest members of one of the oldest families in England, and had a very hard fight to gain the necessary consent to adopt the boards professionally, as her grandmother, Lady Cunningham, with whom she lives, is quite of the old school. She studied for some time under Mr. Henry Neville before she played at the performance given by the short-lived Society for the advancement of British Dramatic Art. A little later she appeared successfully as Jessie Keber, Miss Mary Moore's part in "The Bauble Shop." She was invited by the Independent Theatre Society to play in Zola's "Rabourdin," but was compelled to decline, as she was figuring as Maud Fretwell in "Sowing the Wind" on tour, as well as understudying Miss Millard as Rosamund. Before starting in the provinces, Miss Noel had created a very delightful little part in "The Headless Man," at the Criterion, which is as good a record as sweet eighteen could wish.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE BABIES' STRIKE.

MASTER 'TOODLES addresses the meeting : " Boo—hoo ! I don't see the good o' mothers, th—th—they keep on sp—sp—spanking away, and don't do any good, anyway."



"REVENGE IS SWEET,"



FIND THE HUSBAND.

A NEW YORK OLYMPIA.

In the autumn of this year of grace and other things, New York will possess the most colossal place of entertainment in the world. It is the Olympia that Oscar Hammerstein is building in the Broadway. The place will be a combined theatre, music-hall, concert-hall, and roof-garden, while, for elaboration, it bids fair to make such places as the Opera House of Paris and the Palace Theatre of London hide their diminished heads. Mr. Ted Marks, whose name is a household word among American amusement seekers, has been appointed general manager, and is at this moment scouring Europe for talent. The music-hall alone will have a hundred private boxes, which is many more than the six best London halls hold between them. The ticket taken for one show can be changed for any of the others, and even this fact suggests

SOME FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

The Royal Irish Constabulary can put some good football-players in the field. The team of the dépôt played their first match against Clontarf, and were beaten by a goal to a try, but it defeated the Munster Fusiliers by a goal and a try to a goal. This was a surprise to a great many, as it was believed that the Munsters were nearly invincible at Rugby football. It then appeared at Naas, and was successful against a very strong combination of the picked men of the Munsters and the County Kildare, the result being two goals and a try to nil. A match was then played with Old Wesley, the Cup-holders, the Constabulary, who were two men short and were without three of their best men, being beaten by two goals and a try to nil. They were defeated also by the Dublin G.P.O., by a penalty goal and a try to a try; and, playing a man short, by



A SIXPENNY INVESTOR: "How will that do, Mr. Photographer?"

MR. PHOTOGRAPHER: "Very good indeed, Sir, but just a little more expression, please."

happy possibilities. Any "lineal son of Eve" can purchase a ticket for the concert-hall, and, on arriving at the doors of Olympia, change at once into an atmosphere less intellectual but more amusing. Presuming that New York possesses a contingent of the "unco guid," how pleased they will be! Moreover, the theatre and music-hall can be likened to whisky-and-soda: men will take them in such proportions as may suit their taste—or lack of taste. No expense is being spared, and the management expects success. Talent is being engaged at its own valuation. Yvette Guilbert is to appear in New York when the place opens. For one month's work the great artist will receive the astonishing fee of eighty thousand francs. This is surely the largest sum ever paid to a variety "star." Money seems to be no object so far as the New York Olympia is concerned. They intend to have the best plays, the best music, and the best variety turns. "The tendency of the drama nowadays," said Mr. Beerbohm Tree to me some years ago, "is towards centralisation"; and, hearing of this scheme, his words came back to me. What will be the end of these departures? Will they lead to the climax suggested by Edward Bellamy in "Looking Backward," or have we not yet reached the possible limits of competition? The absence of licensing restrictions will do a lot to make Olympia popular.

the 2nd fifteen of Trinity College, by a goal and a try to nil. Their last match before competing for the Cup was played against Croydon, among whom were two ex-Internationals, yet the Constabulary won by two goals and one try to nil. The following week they met Blackrock P.P. in the semi-final of the Junior Cup, and won by a penalty goal to nil.

The Harlequins Football Club is not only one of the oldest, but one of the best Rugby clubs in London. It has never been quite on an equality with, say, Blackheath or London Scottish, but, excepting these two clubs, the Harlequins will compare favourably with the best half-dozen in London. The club was formed in 1860, and at once sprang into prominence. At present, under the captaincy of S. B. Peech, with 250 members, it places three fifteens in the field every Saturday, and frequently a fourth. The club has had the honour of including among its members a couple of Internationals—C. M. Wells and W. R. N. Leake—both of whom are half-backs. Mr. Leake has now retired from the game, but Mr. Wells, who is also the well-known Cambridge cricketer, is still in active service, and playing as well as ever. Among some of the most consistent of present-day players may be mentioned A. B. Cipriani, who captained the team for several years, N. L. Garrett, H. N. Clarke, J. R. Pank, and H. P. Surtees.

J. Toohey
(forward).

J. Jacques
(forward).

W. A. Phibbs
(forward).

J. Daly
(forward).

G. Hanley
(forward).

F. Cottrell
(half-back).

M. Hayes
(full-back).

R. Barclay
(touch judge).



E. Keller
(three-quarter back).

W. McCabe
(three-quarter back).

Mr. J. Milling
(captain).
F. Butler (half-back).

Mr. Hill
(Adjutant).

E. P. Dickenson
(vice-captain).
J. Toher (forward).

O. Milling
(forward).

P. J. Clarke
(hon. sec.).

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY FOOTBALL TEAM.

Rev. J. C. Wilson.
J. R. Pank.

A. C. Hunter.
A. E. Earnshaw.

P. E. Bodington.
J. N. Hill.

H. R. Wood.
W. Jeffcoat.

A. A. Surtees.
R. N. Douglas. H. N. Clarke.



C. M. Wells.

W. R. M. Leake.
A. B. Cipriani.

S. B. Peech (captain).
H. P. Surtees.

C. Wells.

N. L. Garrett.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

HARLEQUINS FOOTBALL CLUB.

Linesman. Jackson. F. Mills. T. W. Pearson. A. W. Boucher. W. Elsey. Selwyn Biggs.



C. B. Nicholl. J. Hannen. W. H. Watts. A. J. Gould. T. C. Graham. L. Thomas.
C. Badger. W. J. Bancroft. Davies.

WALES.

A. C. Connell. R. H. Illingworth. J. G. Paterson.
C. G. Newton. J. K. S. Fleming. R. C. Stevenson. E. G. Fleming. C. Thompson.



T. Cowans. R. F. Easterbrook. R. G. MacMillan (Capt.). G. T. Campbell. E. F. Grigg. A. M. Gibbon.
G. R. Peddie Waddell.

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Surgeon to the British Army,*
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Cures GOUT and RHEUMATISM,
AND
Safely Reduces OBESITY.

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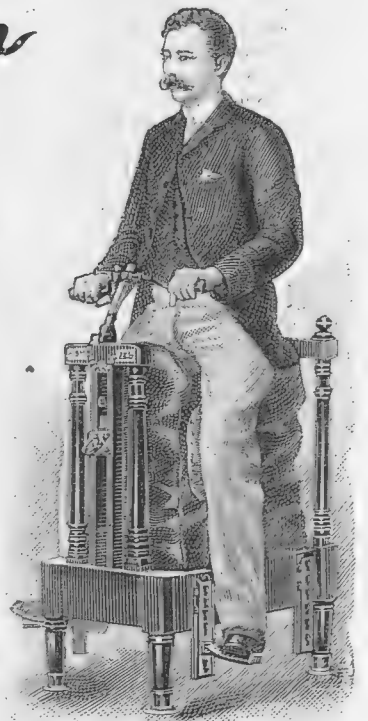
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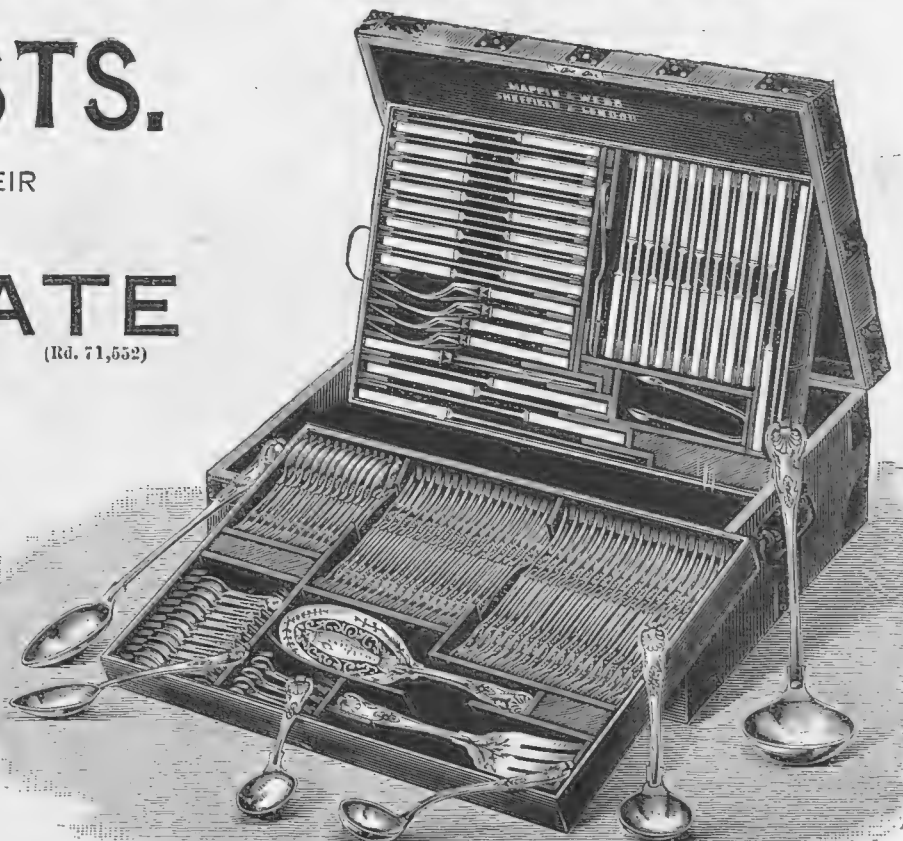
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CURIOUS EFFECTS IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY.

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would any reader now believe that by the new orthodox treatment a stout person can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of the comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of twenty-four hours. Having lost probably two pounds of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing-machine the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a five-pound to ten-pound weekly loss is registered, until the person approaches his or her normal weight; then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals and interesting particulars, including the book entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), containing the "recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained post free from Mr. Russell, of Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by enclosing 6d. stamps.

The following extracts are from other journals:

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It does not follow that a person need be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English dis-

coverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs 6d., post free, and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really well worth reading.—*Forget-Me-Not.*

DO STOUT PEOPLE LIVE LONG?

This is a question which has occupied the attention of medical authorities from time immemorial. Some argue that the lean kind take longer to shuffle off the mortal coil than their stout brethren. The statistics naturally favour this argument, and no doubt are correct to a great extent, because sufferers from obesity are more susceptible to disease in consequence of the debilitated state of the system when clogged with abnormal adipose tissue; but a curious fact has been overlooked, viz., that corpulence generally commences about the age of thirty-five to fifty, after which time it seems to decrease: therefore, before the proverbial "three score and ten" is reached, the whilom fat man is, by a natural process, again reduced to what may only be called moderate plumpness, and thus cheats the statistician. Stout persons can now, thanks to science, reduce their weight in a most extraordinarily rapid manner, without the slightest injury to their constitutions, or without resorting to those drastic remedies which only operate for a time, or by the continuance of the use of toxic drugs extending over such a period that renders it baneful to the long-suffering patient. Dr. Ebstein, the eminent Continental therapist, recommends the victim to obesity to eat fat meat, while the equally eminent Dr. Salisbury prescribes lean ditto, and the stomach is to risk an accumulation of serious disorders by swallowing a pint of hot water daily, a most nauseous remedy we should think, and not unattended with danger. The past master in the cure of corpulence is Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., whose book entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), price only six stamps, post free, seems to impress us considerably, for he reduces more weight by his system than the Continental and the American physicians, without any of the absurd restrictions which would make life scarcely worth living. He uses simple herbs, of the properties of

which he seems to possess a more than usual knowledge, and he makes but little secret of his method, so refreshing after the mystery made of most chemical and herbal concoctions for various complaints.—*Wetherby News.*

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only sixpence, post free), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to the book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure; for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid:—"My son, Count— has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos.—i.e., 34 lb." Another writes:—"So far (six weeks from commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes:—"I am just half the size." A fourth:—"I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes:—"A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes:—"I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says:—"It reduced me considerably, not only in body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says:—"Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health, through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald.*

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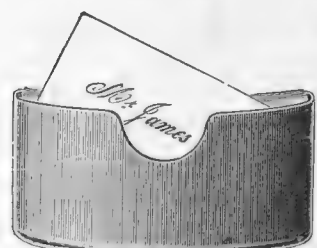
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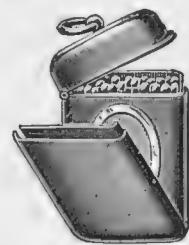
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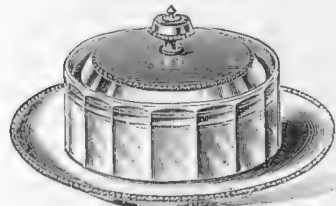
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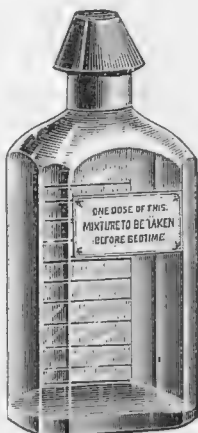
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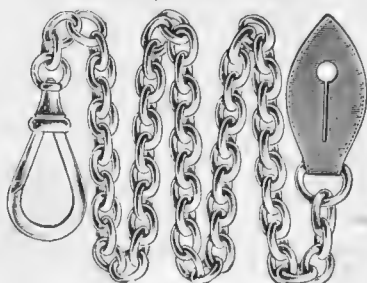
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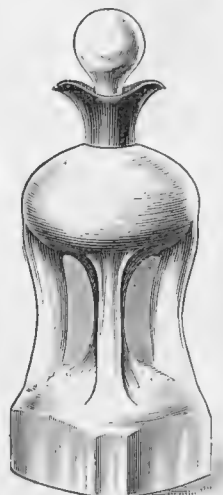
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. George Moore is anxious that critics should treat his new version of "Vain Fortune" (Scott) as if it were a new book. Having never read the earlier version, I cannot even make comparisons between the first form and the second. It is, on a much smaller scale, quite as conscientious a bit of work as "Esther Waters." Every sentence you feel to be deliberately planned. Indeed, there is a careworn look over the whole. A novel with a great deal of story in it, with a crowd of moving incidents and personages, or one written in a high-spirited style, may hide this look of effort. Not so a novel with few characters, and with its episodes mostly of a quiet grey tone.

And this one makes me tired as well as depressed—intentionally, I have no doubt. Artistically, it is good; the temper and destiny of the hero are reflected in the fatigue of the reader. I am less sure of its merits as a story, being tempted to think at least a dozen things in it might easily have happened otherwise. Mr. Moore might retort, "But they didn't—and there my story comes in," without quite convincing me. Yet those who do not shirk one more representation of that melancholy tragedy of artistic ineffectiveness—when the artist's ambition and knowledge are disproportionate and greater than his craft—should read "Vain Fortune." The all too common modern tragedy is treated there impressively, though in that slow, painstaking way, and with that almost affected absence of emphasis, which is growing to be Mr. Moore's style in fiction.

Mrs. Andrew Dean, otherwise Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, continues in the satiric vein. She is fairly productive, and, though our social follies are many, she seems likely to overtake and chastise not a few of them. In "Mrs. Finch-Brassey" it was the vulgar, middle-class woman of society that was exposed; in "A Splendid Cousin" it was the selfish, artistic charlatan. In "Lesser's Daughter" it was not one type alone, but her anger spent itself chiefly on the cold-blooded woman who marries a man of a despised race, sucks his wealth, and treats him as loathsome.

In "The Grasshoppers" (Black), her latest novel, it is a whole nation that is satirised. The motive of the story which gives it its title—"La cigale, ayant chanté," and so on; everyone knows the rest—is not what stays longest in the mind. Perhaps we are forced to reflect too often in real life on the evil case of those women who have been brought up in luxury and who find themselves suddenly thrown portionless and helpless on the world. One more instance of it makes a good story, and to a section of society the lesson cannot be too often repeated. But though that is the lesson we are meant to carry away, as a matter of fact what we remember is the terrible picture of German life—or, to be more correct, of German burgher life, and that only in Hamburg. At least one kindly person rises out of it for our consolation; but he is made sufficiently ridiculous.

The social conservatism, the worship of success, the clannishness, the uncouth ugliness of the surroundings, the family affection, which take such terribly wearisome forms, are depicted mercilessly, though the weaknesses of the young Londoners, to whom, in their new poverty, it is all a hideous nightmare, are not spared. Doubtless, a good deal of it is true to English minds. But it is, like all Mrs. Sidgwick's clever satire, just a little too savage. This time, surely, she will provoke a retort. The Mrs. Finch-Brasseys don't write novels, and their case is not justifiable on paper. But the burghers of Hamburg, or even the German colony in London, can surely produce a novelist: perhaps he will be an Anglo-phobian one. I wait for his counterblast, and tremble for the picture he will draw of us. We may be much more refined and much more open-minded in the ordinary matters of life—and these make up life to most—but we are eminently satirisable all the same.

Two enterprising American students, Mr. Allen and Mr. Sachtleben, lately journeyed from Constantinople to Peking on wheels, and they have written a book to say so, "Across Asia on a Bicycle" (Unwin). If I were to cross from Constantinople to Peking, I would rather do so by any other means yet invented; and the bicyclist traveller has generally least of novelty or interest to tell, of all the wanderers over the globe. But these young fellows saw a good deal, and were made of the right stuff to get the good out of travelling. Perhaps the most amusing part is the story of their Chinese experiences, and their interview with Li Hung Chang. It is curious to compare their impressions with those of Mr. Henry Norman. They found him the most inquisitive person in the world, beating an American reporter hollow. His questions ranged from "Which do you consider the best country in the world?"—they undiplomatically, and to Li Hung Chang's evident disappointment, answered, "America," thus meriting the retort, "Then why did you leave it?"—to "What does your trip cost you?" This inquisitiveness led them to infer Li's passion for Western enlightenment, and they end in a burst of poetry about him. "In the Eastern horizon Li Hung Chang shines as the brilliant star of morning that tells of the coming of a brighter dawn." Notes and comments on the poetry will be found in the daily papers and in "The Far East."

Mr. A. J. Butler has done a helpful thing, for the young or old in search of culture, in "Dante: His Times and His Work" (Innes). He is an excellent Dante scholar, and his translation of the "Divine Comedy" is one of the best we have in England. But he has condescended to write for the humble and the beginner, and he has written a book that

many besides beginners will be glad to read. He has far more knowledge of the practical needs of young Dante students than the late Mr. Addington Symonds showed in his "Introduction to the Study of Dante," excellent though that is as a guide to a literary appreciation of the poem. Popularising books are so often written by those who have only a popular knowledge of the subject that one is glad to note an exception.

Mr. Archibald Forbes has a fine subject to his hand in Colin Campbell, whose biography he has just written for the "English Men of Action" series. He has done it with that spirit and visible delight in prowess and skill, and that knowledge of military affairs, which he shows in every line he writes. Only a soldier could have done it so learnedly, and he would not have done it so well. His story of Lord Clyde suffers, however, a little from being written on the model of all the rest of the series. Nearly all our short biographies of statesmen, men of action, men of letters, are too anxious to be storehouses of fact, with the result that readers often can't see the wood for the trees. We have few good monographs in English.

A former scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, Mr. H. A. Hinkson, has performed the pious act of collecting what he considers the best poems written by former Trinity College men. Mr. Elkin Mathews publishes his volume in a very pretty form. That there was some reason besides the pious one for making such a book will be granted when one considers that such illustrious names as Aubrey and Sir Stephen de Vere, Professor Dowden, Dr. John Kells Ingram, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Standish O'Grady, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Dr. Todhunter, and Mr. Oscar Wilde are on the college register.

But to read the book is to make some reflections that may seem to throw cold water on Mr. Hinkson's enterprise. First, what a number of good Irish poets Trinity College has not bred and sheltered! This is an unfair reflection, but we are driven to it by missing the brightness which was bound to be excluded; secondly, by far the best poems are old Irish ones translated by Dr. Douglas Hyde, and it is safe to say Trinity College had as little to do with these particular translations as with the originals; thirdly, Mr. Hinkson, for the honour of Trinity College, should have been a little more fastidious in his selection, or a little less so. Graduates of Trinity must, since they are living human beings, have produced scores of lyrics as good as "In the Grey Old German City." Scores of such would have a hearty, prosperous look; but the admission of a few of this quality gives an air of poverty. Trinity College, or, indeed, any college, has little to do with the production of poetry; but literary form and literary obligation it might have something to say about. Translation now, from the classical languages, at least, it has doubtless given lessons in. And yet the editor lets in the great, lumbering, and lengthy "Ad Amicam Meam" by way of a version of Hugo's exquisite and exquisitely brief "Enfant, si j'étais roi." But Trinity College has had, we gladly own, some scholarly verse-writers and one or two poets.

Some of us admired George Egerton's "Discords," and some of us didn't. But there can hardly be two opinions about the literary worth of the newer book she has given us—a translation of Ola Hansson's "Young Ofeg's Ditties" (Lane)—that is, there can hardly be two opinions among those who read five pages of it. Hansson is one of the youngest of the Scandinavian writers, and, poetically, among the very greatest, though he has not the particular kind of force that makes Ibsen a power over minds of all degrees of cultivation. Hansson is a mystic, for one thing. He loves the bye-ways, and tells of adventures of the soul that are familiar and probable only to a few. And he is the kind of fastidious literary craftsman that the many instinctively turn from.

I do not think he has come, by name, under the ban of Herr Max Nordau, whose sensational criticisms of modern art have at last reached the popular ear in England. But Nordau certainly includes Hansson by implication. He is a sensitivist; he is morbid; he is an egoist; he has many of the marks said to be distinctive of degeneration. Young Ofeg, or the personage, at least, of one of the Ditties, married a wife. "When I had owned her for three days and three nights, I saw an earwig in the apple of her eye, and a maggot in the corner of her mouth, and I left her." There is a good deal of this kind of thing; and there is nowhere any admiring recognition of the qualities that make men good citizens. All hope for the seeing man in a bad world consists in quitting the abodes of men. No one else's life will serve him as a guide. Clearly Hansson comes under the ban.

But we don't all take Nordau's melancholy warnings for gospel. There is a saving force in all literature that is made by the mentally fit, whether they be good citizens or not. It is the heap of incapables that take to literature and art nowadays that give our age so melancholy an expression. Hansson is not of these. He is an artist who has put thought and design into his work, and these mean strength. Above all, he is a poet, and it is to lovers of poetry of the subtler, more delicate kind that I would recommend George Egerton's skilful translation of "Young Ofeg's Ditties."

"The Curse of Intellect" is a short, anonymous novel published by Messrs. Blackwood. It is ambitious in aim, and somewhat original. By some unexplained use of the power of mesmerism a monkey is turned into a man. He comes to the sagacious conclusion that men are, in many respects, inferior to monkeys, and that they are not nearly so happy. It would thus obviously take the genius of a Kipling to carry through such a plot satisfactorily, and it is not necessary to say more than that the author of "The Curse of Intellect" is not a Kipling. o. o.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Intrigue after intrigue has gone on about the Speakership. The one fact which stands out above all others is that the Conservatives have taken one consistent attitude from the first. If the Government chose to put up Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Conservatives were ready and willing to support him. But, failing him, then they asked for Sir Matthew White Ridley. At last it has come to this, that they mean to have Sir Matthew or no one; and if not now, then whenever they get into office. It is worth noticing, as a symptom of the general recognition that a General Election must go against the Radicals, that the Opposition threat, of not re-electing the Ministerialist nominee after the dissolution, has been made and received quite seriously. Nobody on the Radical side would think of retorting that, if Sir Matthew White Ridley were elected now, he would be opposed in a new Parliament! By-the-bye, as a large justification for the persistence of the Conservatives, as against the Liberal-Unionists, in pressing their man for the office, it should be remembered, as I pointed out at the opening of the session, that the result of recent bye-elections has been to make the Conservatives the largest separate party in the House. If the Irishmen (who would hardly think it dignified or consistent with a Home Rule policy to hold the balance on this question) are left out of account, the Ministerialists are actually fewer in number than the Conservatives, and far fewer than the Unionists combined.

THE WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT DEBATE.

Unreal as the issue is over the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, which cannot become law till after a General Election, which will probably return an adverse majority, the debate has been unexpectedly and unusually brilliant. Mr. Asquith's opening speech was a fine effort, though marred by some inaccuracies, which are to be accounted for by the fact that the Home Secretary was speaking like a lawyer from a brief rather than from the heart. But some of the later speeches have more than equalled Mr. Asquith's. Of Mr. Balfour's and Sir William Harcourt's I cannot speak here. But Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Plunket, Mr. George Russell, Mr. Jebb, and Mr. Wallace—to name only the most striking—have been remarkable contributors to a very fine Parliamentary discussion. Sir Edward Clarke, whose eloquence is of a rhetorical rather than a really moving order, yet of genuine and sustained eloquence, is one of the finest speakers in the House. His voice is rather hard, and his pronunciation a little provincial, but his perfect self-command and mastery of language make him an admirable debater. Mr. David Plunket is by consent one of the orators of the House. To tell the truth, his speeches read almost too well for anyone who has not heard him to believe that they are as good in delivery. And this is true. Mr. Plunket has a hesitation in his speech which prevents a listener from obtaining from his beautiful sentences the real pleasure of natural oratory. Fine literary performances they are, but in the born orator there is a certain quality of voice and temperament which is more immediately effective even than clear-cut phrases and pointed periods. Mr. Wallace's speech was remarkable, as all his speeches are, for its audacious wit. His appeals to Mr. Balfour to say whether his "Foundations of Belief" justified support of the Welsh Church were cleverly concocted. Mr. George Russell's speech was meant to be very striking, as it came from an ardent English Churchman in support of a Disestablishment Bill. But somehow Mr. George Russell's qualifications for posing as an impartial witness always strike me as rather too much "got up." He is a very successful placeman, and his advocacy never seems to me to proceed on lines of principle so much as of office. His remarks were clever and amusing, and filled a gap, after Mr. Plunket's speech had made everyone serious. But, if I were to sum up the debate, it would just be by saying this, that the Opposition were in earnest, and the supporters of the Bill either merely clever, merely humorous, or both. There was much "special pleading" for the Bill, but the Opposition were pleading for the maintenance of true religion, and the continuance of almost the earliest Church in Christendom.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AGAIN.

The sensation of last week was, however, Sir Edward Grey's speech about French aggression in Africa. When the representative of the British Foreign Office talks, even contingently, of an "unfriendly attitude" on the part of France, "things," as Mr. Chamberlain remarked, "are getting serious." Serious, too, Sir Edward Grey evidently was. He spoke from manuscript, and his words had been settled by a Cabinet Council held at the House of Commons just before. In Lord Rosebery's present state of health it was enough to make anyone excited that his favourite and pupil in the House of Commons should have so obviously been instructed to say "Hands off!" to France. Mr. Labouchere, of course, had his knife into him at once, and in a speech, almost hysterical for the self-composed leader of the "Little Englanders," asserted that the Government seemed to consider the Nile as much their property as the Thames. In point of fact, things do come pretty much to that. We are responsible for Egypt and for the interests of Egypt. But the incident shows that at any moment the revolt of the "Little Englanders" might be serious for the Government—not on a question of foreign affairs, on which the Opposition would vote with the Ministry, but in revenge for such a lapse from the cowardly Gladstonian policy. There are some thirty "Little Englanders" whom Mr. Labouchere can rely on—all Radicals. Mr. Chamberlain again "led" the Opposition in welcoming Sir Edward Grey's firm attitude. It was, perhaps, purposely done to take off the edge of his vote on the Disestablishment Bill.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The Speakership is still unsettled, and all sorts of rumours about it continue to fly about the Lobby and the House. The Cabinet has not met, as it was expected to do; and, even if it had, it is quite possible it would not have come to a final choice. But the matter is now pretty well narrowed to two alternatives—it will be either Sir Matthew White Ridley or Mr. Gully. I am much inclined to prophesy that it will be the latter. There is no doubt as to what the followers of the Government want. They will not have Sir Matthew White Ridley at any price. The natural man among the Liberals has revolted at the idea, most cynically and audaciously pushed by the *Times*, that the Government, after having proposed a Unionist and been rebuffed by the Unionist Party, should be compelled to fall back on a Tory under threat of opposition to their own nominee, and of turning him out supposing the Tories come into power at the next General Election. I have heard some very strong language used concerning the idea, a good deal current, that Sir William Harcourt favours surrender to Sir Matthew and the abandonment of Mr. Gully's name. If it were carried out, I am sure it would do the Government great harm, and might seriously prejudice their chances in a few months.

THE TWO CANDIDATES.

As to the personalities of the two candidates, there is no ground for the idea that Sir Matthew is a sort of inevitable and indispensable choice. I doubt whether the average member of the House of Commons knows much of his burly figure and genial but not remarkable presence. He is a very good Committeeman; but, for the rest, he is not in any way of the class of the late Speaker. The same, no doubt, applies in a certain degree to Mr. Gully. His appearance is singularly handsome and refined; his manners are gentle and conciliatory, and he is said to have decision and strength of purpose—by far the most valuable qualities in a Speaker. He may not be as familiar as Sir Matthew with the technicalities of the House of Commons' procedure. But there is no such difference between the two men as to encourage the idea that the Government ought to rush into the arms of a gentleman who has been set up as the fruit of a very pretty intrigue. As for the talk about dark horses, I do not credit it. The names associated with these rumours are practically impossible, and there is really nothing to be said in favour of departing either from Sir Matthew on the one hand or Mr. Gully on the other. My opinion is that it will be a straight vote between these two, and that Mr. Gully will be elected by a majority of, perhaps, a dozen.

A DARK CLOUD.

Meanwhile, a rather dark cloud has arisen. Sir Edward Grey has been one of the successes of the Government. He is youthful, almost absurdly youthful, in appearance. But he has a good, steady, cool head, a rather remarkable gift of touching delicate questions without committing himself; and he is getting, rapidly, a real grip of the Foreign Office, which he very ably represents in the House of Commons. He has had some very ticklish situations to deal with, and the coolness with which he has got through them has made one almost smile as one looked down on the smooth, youthful face and rather awkward, boyish manner. His greatest success was over the disclosure, the awkward and serious disclosure, of French movements in Africa. Sir Edward Grey had to say one of the most serious things that it ever falls to the lot of a Minister to say, as regards foreign affairs, and that is, that a friendly nation has committed what diplomats call an unfriendly act. I do not remember so successful an exposition of those frightfully delicate problems—such as are always arising between us and France—since Mr. Gladstone's historic statement about Penjdeh. The House always recognises a feat of this character, and the cheers which greeted Sir Edward Grey were a testimony to a singularly skilful piece of diplomatic word-making. Sir Edward has indeed a great future before him. He is allied to a great family, has a charming and clever wife, is personally agreeable and modest, and does his work extremely well. It is not at all unlikely that he will be the next Foreign Secretary in a Liberal Government.

THE UNIONIST ALLIANCE.

Meanwhile, the Unionist alliance will need some welding together. I fancy Mr. Balfour's diplomacy and Captain Middleton's pressure will, after all, be successful in securing the withdrawal of the rather obstinate Mr. Nelson. In that case Mr. Peel will possibly get in, though I fancy a strong Liberal candidate, who is apparently not available, would beat him. A great many Tories, however, will not vote for him, and thus a sore will have been opened between the two sections of the party not to be readily closed. There is no doubt that the rank and file of the Tories chafe and shy at the Unionist alliance. They cannot bear Mr. Chamberlain, and their real feeling about him is largely expressed in a rather coarse article, signed "X," in the *New Review*. Sooner or later they will resent his yoke so keenly and so openly that Mr. Chamberlain, whose temper is not of the best, will be bound to retort, and then we shall see the beginning of the end of the great Unionist Alliance.

A regimental concert will be given by the City of London Volunteer Artillery, in the large hall of Cannon Street Hotel, on Friday, at 8.30 p.m. The artists include Miss Ethel Wynn, Miss Meredyth Elliot, Mr. Charles Chilley, and Mr. Franklin Clivé. The Duke of Teck is to attend.

Mr. Irving has in preparation an adaptation of a chapter from "Don Quixote," which he will shortly give with "A Story of Waterloo." It is a version, in one act, of a larger play written by the late W. G. Wills.

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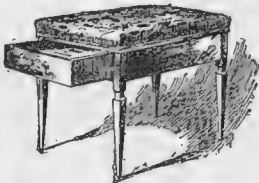
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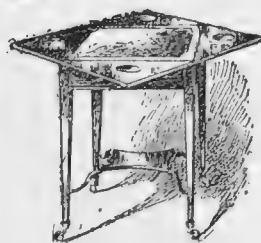
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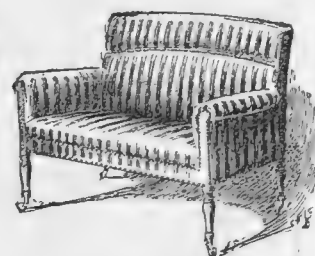
Music-Seat, in Silk Tapestry,
39s. 6d.



Card-Table, Envelope Folding,
2 ft. 7 in. across top, £2 15s.



Floor-Lamp,
Wrought Iron and
Copper, 14s. 6d.



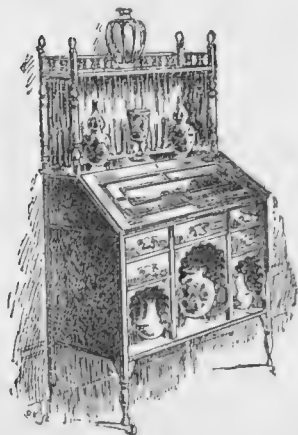
Settee in Striped Velvet,
Length, 4 ft. 2 in.; Height, 3 ft. 4 in.
£5 10s.



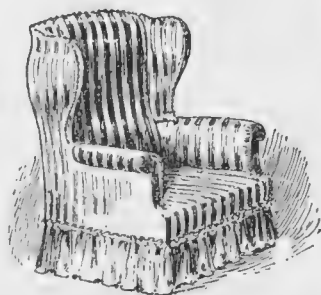
Café-au-Lait, Minton China, white
and gold fluted, £1 1s.



Claret-Jug,
Fine Cut
Crystal, 10s.



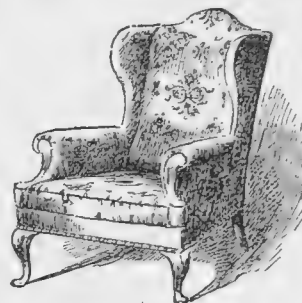
Moorish Bureau, in Famed Oak.
4 ft. 7 in. high; 2 ft. 7 in. wide.
£4 15s.



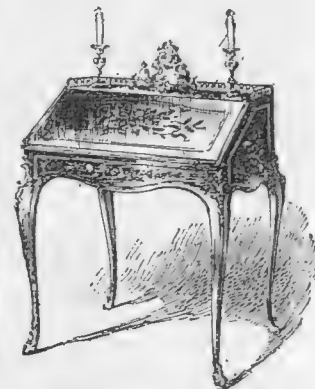
The "Redewelle" Chair, 3 ft. 6 in. high,
27 in. wide, in Striped Plush, STUFFED
ALL HAIR, 85s.
With Cradle Spring Seat and Flounce
as shown, £5 15s.



China-Cabinet, Chippendale Mahogany
4 ft. 7 in. high by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, £5 15s.



In Tapestry, 70s.



Lady's Bureau, Inlaid Rosewood,
Brass Mounts,
3 ft. high, 2 ft. 2 in. wide, ,
58s. 6d.

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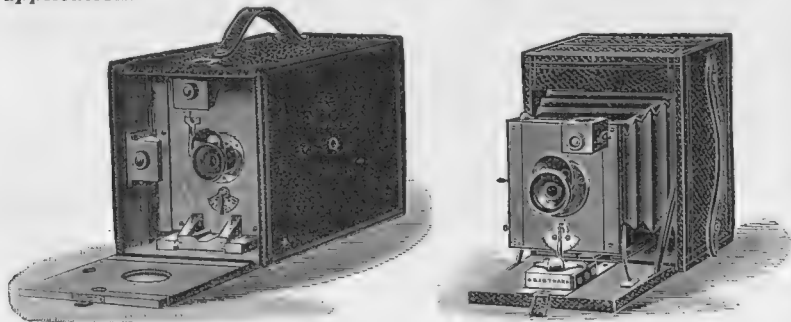
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ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION 1/12

FOR SPRAINS RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO. BRUISES. CHEST COLDS.

IT I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE!

Prepared only BY **ELLIMAN SONS & CO.** SLOUGH ENGLAND.

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For **STIFFNESS ACHES SPRAINS BRUISES**

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NO STIFFNESS HERE

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ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION 1/12

IT I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE

For **STIFFNESS ACHES SPRAINS BRUISES**

Prepared only by **ELLIMAN SONS & CO.** SLOUGH ENGLAND

SWAIN & Co

SEVERE PAINS.

Mrs. S. DALLENGER, Aldinga Villa, Oxford Road, Bournemouth, writes:

"A lady in my house was taken with severe pains in the leg and side at night. I rubbed well with Elliman's the affected part, which allayed the pain and enabled the lady to sleep."

ACHES AND PAINS.

Miss ROSE ALPHONSINE, Spiral Ascensionist, writes:

"When doing my Spiral Ascension at the Jardin de Paris, my feet and knees became swollen and very sore. I tried your Embrocation, and after two good rubbings I was able to perform. I now use it after every ascension, and will always keep some by me."

"23, Helix Gardens, Brixton Hill, S.W., London, Oct. 29, 1894."

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION 1/12

ELLIMAN'S USEFUL IN TRAINING.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

GOLF.

It is proposed to form a new golf course near Surbiton. Tom Dunn has the matter in hand.

The Royal and Ancient Golf Club has just issued its Amateur Championship circular. As the contest commences in about a month's time, candidates should set about getting into their best form. Entries, accompanied by a guinea, should be sent to Mr. C. S. Grace, St. Andrews, not later than May 1, as the draw takes place on May 3. During the Championship week, competitors and hon. secretaries of golf clubs will be considered the guests of the Royal and Ancient Club, and will have the privileges of the club-house without payment.

When the Inverness Golf Club opened its new club-house at the Longman Links the other day, an interesting match was played by Sheriff Blair, who is president of the club, Mr. Alexander McHardy, captain, Mr. D. Young, and Mr. Duncan Mackintosh. Mr. McHardy, who is Chief Constable for the County of Inverness, has been called "the Pioneer of Golfing in the North." Certain it is, he has introduced and started clubs all over the North; and, but for his great enthusiasm, golf would not be what it is now in Inverness.

LAWN-TENNIS.

In the midst of golf, we must not forget that there is such a game as lawn-tennis. Nor are we likely to forget it. I notice that Cheshire has founded a County Association, and, with such players as Messrs. J. G. Brown, H. W. Carlton, W. Dod, and others, the game is not likely to languish in that quarter. Colchester, which usually held a tournament under its own name, will now call it the Essex County Tournament, having arranged to play at Chingford towards the end of July and the beginning of August.

Matches are also being arranged between English and Parisian clubs. Winchester House are to meet a strong Paris combination on June 2 at the Île de Puteaux. Two members of the club have recently had an opportunity of playing with the six champions who have been proposed as the representatives of Paris. Several of the French players, including Vacherot, Riboulet, Schöpfer, and Brosselin, have recently made immense improvements. Vacherot, who took part in the tournament at Dinard, is well known to many English players.

The International Lawn-Tennis Match between England and Ireland will be decided at Liverpool this season. No date has yet been fixed, but it will probably take place on the Monday and Tuesday following the Northern championships at Manchester. It is surprising that Ireland, with its few clubs, should produce so many first-class players, and it is not altogether to the credit of England that the English championship should be held by an Irishman. J. Pim has held the championship two years in succession.

FOOTBALL.

The excitement caused by the appearance of feminine footballers in the field the other day has given impetus to the discussion as to which sports and pastimes ladies may or may not participate in. Lady Jeune has come to the front with a practical answer to the question. She would allow ladies to engage in all sports which permit of the wearing of the petticoat. Any pastime which necessitated the abandonment of this distinctive article of feminine wear in favour of cylinders for the legs, would henceforth be taboo for women, whether new or old. There is something in the suggestion, but it raises one or two delicate points. Are ladies, for instance, not to be allowed to swim, or, if so, must they wear the flowing and all-encircling garment? Then, one or two of the lady-footballers wore the petticoat—over their knickers, of course—and would this mean the free passport for an indulgence in the gentle art of kicking? Cycling, again, is a pastime which ladies may indulge in either with or without the petticoat. No doubt, the absence of the small skirt, if it be the proper name for a petticoat, greatly adds to the ease of the lady-rider in cycling. As a matter of fact, all forms of athletic exercise could be more readily indulged in in male attire; and, in so far as ladies do persist in wearing skirts, to that extent will they be handicapped. Lady Jeune thinks that women may indulge with pleasure and

profit in such exercises as hunting, riding, skating, gymnastics, golf, lawn-tennis, billiards, and, possibly, cycling. Seeing that Lady Jeune mentions billiards as an athletic exercise, I wonder she forgets to mention such athletic sports as draughts, whist, baccarat, &c.

I had a chat, the other day, with the lady who played under the *nom de guerre* of "Mrs. Graham," and acquitted herself so well in the North v. South match. This lady has played the game for many years; and, while she is sensible enough to agree that women will never be able to compete with men on equal terms, she fails to see anything unladylike in football as a pastime for women. When one comes to think of it, football is no more unfitted for women than gymnastics, if the latter is made to include, as it ought, exercises on the flying trapeze and horizontal bar. In many of the Board Schools in Scotland the girls are taught all forms of gymnastics, while classes for grown-up Misses are as common as cookery schools in towns like Dundee, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

I really think the public have taken a wrong view of the lady footballers. They are either universally condemned in good set terms, or are

Mr. McHardy.

Provost Ross.

Sheriff Blair.



INVERNESS GOLF ENTHUSIASTS.

Photo by Macmahon, Inverness.

satirised unmercifully. Of course, everybody knows that they did not play good football—if, indeed, they played football at all—but who could expect it? If we were to take a similar number of young men, at random, who knew nothing about the game, and give them a few days' practice before asking them to perform in public, could we expect any more science than we saw in the North v. South match? True, young men would run harder and kick more strongly, but, beyond this, I cannot believe that they would show any greater knowledge of the game or skill in its execution. I don't think the lady footballer is to be snuffed out by a number of leading articles written by old men out of sympathy both with football as a game and the aspirations of the young new woman. If the lady footballer dies, she will die hard.

I suppose we may fairly regard the Newport Rugby team as the champions of Great Britain. They have not, of course, met the whole of the leading English and Scottish clubs, but they have met and defeated sufficient of them to show their superiority over all comers. Up to date, Newport has only been defeated once this season, a record which no other first-class club can boast. One of the latest victories of Newport was over Blackheath, at Rectory Field, London. On the previous Saturday Blackheath had met and defeated a powerful team of the London Scottish, and it was confidently expected that the Heathens would be able to hold their own against the Welsh champions. The game was a splendid one, and the result, two tries to nil in favour of Newport, gives a fair indication of the run of the play. A. J. Gould, although the oldest man on the field, was probably also the best. The Welsh veteran has played football regularly since he was a boy in knickerbockers, and he has taken part in first-class matches from the age of sixteen. To those who think the Rugby game a rough one, it might

be well to point out that Gould, although a light man, weighing only ten stone, has never received a serious injury in his life, and has hardly ever been incapacitated for more than a few days at a time.

Surprises in football are even more common than in cricket. Let us take a modern instance. Liversedge is a Rugby club that heads the Yorkshire Competition, having played a consistently good game all the season. Wakefield Trinity is a club at the bottom of the Yorkshire Competition-list, having played a consistently bad game until within three weeks ago. Liversedge and Wakefield Trinity met in the Yorkshire Cup-ties the other Saturday. Result: Wakefield four goals, Liversedge nothing.

There is a club called the Old Carthusians. Nowadays its name is not so well known as it was some years ago, when it took part regularly in the Association Cup-ties. It is possible, however, that the old boys of Charterhouse will make a stir before the season is out. In fact, they are doing so already. They have entered for three cups, and look like winning them all. They have already reached the final for the London Cup and the London Charity Cup, and I expect to see them in the final for the Amateur Cup, of which they are the nominal holders. I say nominal because the cup is not yet in existence. Now, I have a pet idea with regard to the Old Carthusians. Should they, as I expect they will, again win the Amateur Cup, they ought to challenge the winners of the Association Cup, so that we might see the best amateur team opposed to the best professional team.

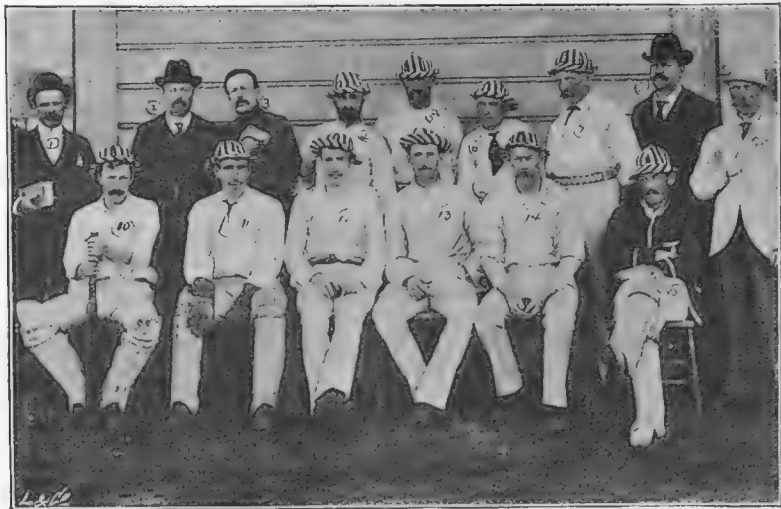
Next Saturday will see the last and the greatest of the International matches. I refer to the meeting of Scotland and England under Association rules at Everton. I have not yet seen the Scottish side, but I shall be surprised if they can produce an eleven to defeat the following eleven Englishmen—

Sutcliffe (Bolton Wanderers), goal-keeper; L. V. Lodge (Cambridge University) and Crabtree (Burnley), backs; Needham (Sheffield Wednesday), Holt (Everton), and Reynolds (Aston Villa), half-backs; Bassett (West Bromwich Albion) and R. C. Gosling (Old Etonians), right wing; Goodall (Derby County), centre; Smith (Aston Villa) and Bloomer (Derby County), left wing, forwards.

Supposing Scotland were to defeat England and be defeated in turn by Ireland, how, then, would the International championship stand? Wales have already played and drawn all their International engagements, which, reckoning a draw as a point, would give them three points. England has won one match and drawn one, which would give them three points. Scotland has drawn one match, and, supposing they lose one and win one, they also would have three points.

CRICKET.

The season which has just closed has been the most interesting one in the history of the game on the Pacific Slope, and the character of the play on all sides has shown a marked improvement over all previous seasons. For the third year in succession the Alameda Club has won the Challenge Cup, which now becomes its absolute property. In addition to this, it also won the Championship of California, defeating the British Club of Bakersfield twice, the Wanderers of San José, and the Citrus Colony of Penryn, one match each. During the three years the Cup has been competed for, 58 games have been played. Of this large number the Alameda Club has won 46, lost 8, and had 4 drawn. The principal players for the champions have all made good averages, as the following figures will demonstrate, viz., H. Richardson, 46.14; I. Moriarty, 33.46; E. Hood, 27; R. B. Hogue, 17.55; E. Randal, 15.25; E. G. Sloman, 11.33; Harold Ward, 10.20. The city clubs competing for the Cup finished in the following order: Alameda, Bohemian, Pacific, and California, the country clubs not being eligible for Cup-games. There are now seven clubs belonging to the Californian Cricket Association, four being city clubs, viz., the Alameda, Bohemian, Californian, and the Pacific; the three country clubs are the British of



THE ALAMEDA CRICKET CLUB, CALIFORNIA.

Bakersfield, the Citrus Colony of Penryn, and the Wanderers of San José. The accompanying picture represents the champions of 1892-3-4.

1. R. Morris (scorer); 2. E. Brown (president); 3. Ben Clark (secretary); 4. E. T. Randal; 5. E. H. Bryan; 6. H. Bird; 7. H. Ward, sen.; 8. D. R. Caldwell; 9. E. Hood (captain); 10. E. G. Sloman; 11. F. S. Price; 12. H. Ward, jun.; 13. G. G. Lewis; 14. R. B. Hogue; and 15. J. J. Moriarty.—OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The opening of the flat-racing season has proved one thing, that, whereas some of the owners and backers appear to have wintered badly, so far as their health is concerned, the majority of the bookmakers have done well in the interval. Many of the leading pencilers wintered abroad, and others spent their leisure at English seaside resorts. A thoroughly weather-eased bookmaker does not spend much of his time indoors, winter or summer; in fact, he revels in fresh air.

The Lincoln Handicap was not a race to tell us much for the future, as, I think, half the horses that ran in the race were by no means fit. Dumbarton will pay for following in the future, and Lottie's Dude will win a big race before the year is over. Colonel North, seemingly, is in for another run of bad luck. His horses, or many of them, follow faithfully in the footsteps of Yellow Jack, and seldom get nearer than second for big prizes. The Colonel generally backs them for a place, which is worse.

One of the most popular patrons of the Turf is Sir Blundell Maple, who, in my opinion, ought in the near future to be elected a member of the Jockey Club. Sir Blundell plays the part of racehorse-owner pluckily. His purchase of Common was one of the events of the century in racing history, and I have no doubt he will get a good return for his money. Sir Blundell Maple keeps up a palatial establishment at Falmouth House, Newmarket, once the residence of the late Fred Archer. The house is furnished regardless of cost, and the stables are perfect in every particular. J. Day, who trains for Sir Blundell, is a capable man, and I shall expect to see some good winners turned out later on. Gangway is very likely to be heard of in the near future, and it may be that Kirkconnell will shine in the classic races of '95. Sir Blundell Maple believes in good jockeys as well as good horses, and he did the right thing in retaining Watts for this season.



SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE.

Sir Blundell has a large stud-farm at Childwickbury, under the able management of Mr. Tom Castle, a well-known old amateur athlete. Sir Blundell is a good whip, his coach being very much in evidence at elections. He is said to be a fairly good vaticinator, and the Conservative M.P.'s are, as a consequence, often on the winner.

The time has arrived when no horse should be allowed to run under Jockey Club Rules that has not previously been named. Certainly, owners have sufficient intelligence to suggest names for their two-year-olds. True, one or two gentlemen—notably, Mr. Hamar Bass—run unnamed horses as a protest against the absence of a rule to compel them to christen their animals. It would be a capital idea if the Messrs. Weatherby were to employ a smart clerk specially to compile a list of suggested names for horses.

Backers are very eager at the commencement of the season, but their money does not last out, as they support too many horses in the one day. Professional speculators often go through the day without having a single bet unless they know something, and they always leave the game severely alone when they are unwell and are not able to bring to the business a strong nerve and unimpaired judgment. It should be added that professional backers, like small punters, are highly charged with superstition, and it is almost needless to say that owners often lead them astray.

Clean-shaven jockeys, I think, look much the best. True, John Osborne would not have appeared his own self had he cut off his mutton-chop whiskers, nor would Tom Cannon or Weldon; but how strange it would be to see T. Loates or M. Cannon with moustachios! It is, too, a fact that those gentleman-riders who are clean-shaven win the most races, and they certainly appear the more horsemanlike in the saddle.

Mr. Duff is meeting with general sympathy over Cloister's unfortunate accident. It is really a serious thing for racing that popular public fancies like Orme, Pensioner, and Cloister should be placed *hors de combat* just when they were respectively backed in the light of certainties for their engagements. I did hope that something would have been discovered in the Pensioner-poisoning case, but the committee appointed to carry on investigations have seemingly worked in vain.

MEDICAL OPINIONS

ON

*Hovis Bread,
Biscuits, &c.*(Made from SMITH'S PATENT
HOVIS FLOUR.)

—:—

EXTRACT FROM

The "Lancet" on Hovis
Bread, Nov. 2, 1889.

"It is well known that the germ is a peculiarly nutritious portion of the grain, and its successful use in bread and biscuit making is therefore satisfactory. The bread and biscuits submitted to us were excellent in appearance and flavour, and a microscopic examination showed freedom from irritating bran, and from foreign admixture. This new food preparation deserves commendation."

The Most Digestive Bread.

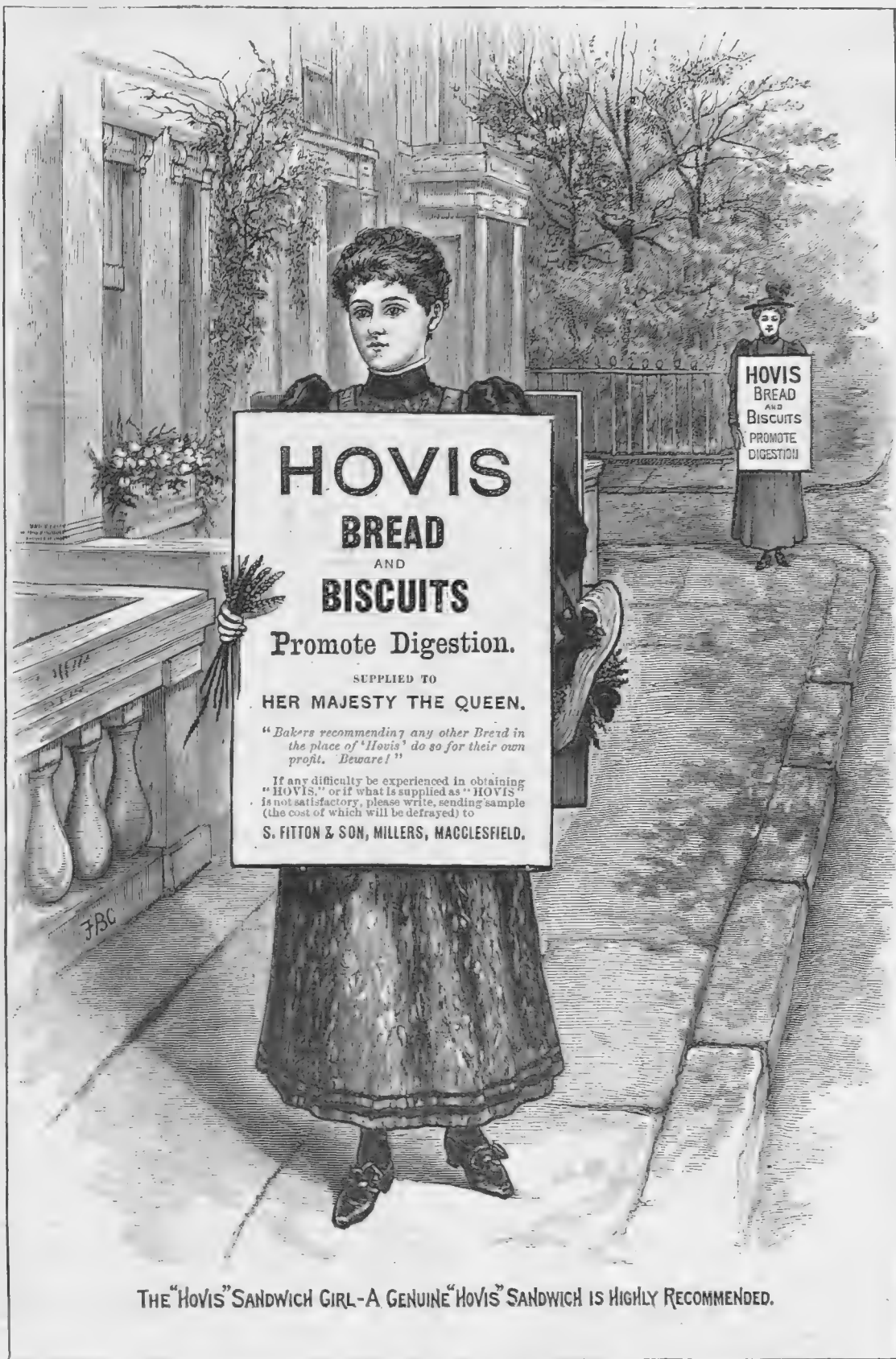
From Dr. Johnson,
Stoke-on-Trent.

"I consider that Hovis Bread is the most wholesome, easiest of digestion, and the most palatable that I have used. My children prefer it to all other kinds, let them be sweet, fancy, or plain."

"S. JOHNSON, M.D."

Strengthens the Nerves.
No Irritability.From Dr. Mowbray
Henderson, London.

"Hovis Bread is very much superior to the ordinary Brown Bread, as it causes no irritability to the stomach, and it is, of course, infinitely richer, both in its bone and muscle making substances, than the White Bread in general use."

"T. MOWBRAY
HENDERSON, M.D."

THE "HOVIS" SANDWICH GIRL—A GENUINE "HOVIS" SANDWICH IS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

MEDICAL OPINIONS

ON

*Hovis Bread,
Biscuits, &c.*(Made from SMITH'S PATENT
HOVIS FLOUR.)

—:—

EXTRACT FROM

The "British Medical
Journal," Jan. 11, 1890.

"HOVIS FLOUR & BREAD. We have examined samples of Hovis Flour and of Hovis Bread and Biscuits. Hovis Flour is the invention of Mr. Richard Smith, who has patented his process of preparation. We have made baking tests with the Hovis Flour, and have obtained very satisfactory results with it. The flour, bread, and biscuits are free from irritating particles and from adulterants; they are of very pleasant flavour and taste, and the bread is of good texture."

Specially adapted for
Children.From Dr. Whittle, Senior Surgeon,
Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Brighton.

"Feb. 14, 1888."

"A speciality of great practical interest is the Hovis Bread, which is made from a flour enriched by the addition of the germ portion of the grain, whereby its nutritive value is made equal to that of oatmeal. Being, moreover, palatable and digestible, the use of this bread would, I believe, go far to correct the anaemia and defective nutrition so often observed in children, containing as it does an exceptionally high proportion of the most perfect bone and muscle forming constituents of the grain."

"E. G. WHITTLE,
M.D., Lond."

REPORT ON SMITH'S PATENT HOVIS FLOUR.

(Registered Trade Mark, "HOVIS.")

By EDWARD RUSSELL BUDDEN,

Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry, Fellow of the Chemical Society (London), Member of the Society of Chemical Industry, Member of the Society of Public Analysts, and specially appointed Chemist and Analyst to the "British and Foreign Confectioner, Baker, and Restaurateur."

IN my examination of this preparation, the object in view has been to determine the special advantages which Smith's Patent Hovis Flour possesses over other preparations of wheat, and to decide whether flour prepared by this process can furnish a complete food; that is, one which contains a large amount of nutrient matter in a readily assimilable form, a due proportion of other elements of food, and a sufficient proportion of inert matter, for a certain amount of inactive material is essential to the due maintenance of the processes of absorption and excretion.

But it is especially important that this last should be really inert; that is, without irritating action upon the delicate mucous surfaces of the alimentary canal.

I have submitted both Smith's Patent Hovis Flour and Bread made from it to a series of experiments bearing specially upon the solubility of the food in fluids representing, as far as possible, the digestive juices of the human body, these experiments being in turn controlled by a detailed microscopical examination of the materials employed at each stage of the process.

As a result of this investigation, I have arrived at the following conclusions:

Smith's Patent Hovis Flour may be regarded as containing the whole of the nutritive constituents of wheat in a form suitable for human digestion.

It contains, in addition, a far larger proportion of those valuable constituents existing only in the germ, or embryo, of the wheat, than is found in any other flour. Owing to the method of preparation, these are moreover in a specially digestible form. It is also specially rich in fatty matters.

Instead of containing a large amount of bran and similar objectionable and highly irritating indigestible material, the inert portion consists almost entirely of minute particles of the enclosing tissues of the embryo, which, while they resist in great measure the action of the salivary, gastric (peptic), and pancreatic ferments, have a distinct value in maintaining the normal action of the excretory portion of the alimentary canal, without causing irritation.

Smith's Patent Hovis Flour may therefore fairly claim to be regarded as realising in a high degree all the essentials of a complete food.

11, FURNIVAL STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C., Sept. 1, 1891.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

In order to make up, no doubt, for the exceeding meekness displayed during the early part of its stay, March treated us, before it finally departed, to an unpleasant exhibition of what it *could* perpetrate in the way of bad weather; but, in spite of this fact, we have had some



intervals of sunshine, bright enough to show up all the weak spots in our last season's garments, and, by thus unsparingly revealing their shabbiness, to prove to us the immediate necessity of providing ourselves with new clothes, which will enable us to await, and finally to meet, with equanimity the sunniest of early summer days. With this desirable end in view, I went speeding off to Wigmore Street the other day to see what Messrs. Debenham and Freebody had got to show me, and with the underlying intention of passing on all information to you. And I can assure you that so many things were there to note and admire that my task promises to become a lengthy one. However, as we must make a start somewhere, suppose we give our first attention to the two capes which I have had sketched for you, because

I felt that no mere descriptions could do them justice? One is essentially a mantle for a matron—a matron of, say, from thirty-five to forty-five—who wishes to look smart without affecting too great youthfulness, and this effect Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have secured to perfection, though the task is by no means an easy one. To all such matrons, then, let me tender the information that this mantle is of rich black silk, the full cape sleeves and the loose stole fronts being enriched with a broad insertion band of openwork jet passementerie and bordered with a fringe of cut-jet beads. A soft frill of lace falls over the shoulders, and some more lace is arranged in fichu form in front, while the back is tight-fitting; and terminates at the waist with a band and bow of black satin ribbon, a pretty, light effect being given by a band of jet insertion at each side, tapering together towards the waist in V form. A soft, full ruffle of lace encircles the neck, and a becoming touch of colour is given by a great silken peony, in a lovely shade of reddish-purple, which peeps out from the filmy folds of lace in front.

Now, having provided for the older folks, I have a treasure-trove for young girls in the other cape, as charmingly youthful and *chic* a production as anyone could wish for. Of course, as it is one of the latest novelties, it is enormously full, and most becomingly outstanding, while, equally of course, jet plays an important part in its production, for are not these the special seals which Dame Fashion has commanded to be set on almost every one of the capes which see the light this season? This particular one is composed of black accordion-pleated net, striped narrowly with silk—a mere line, in fact—and made up over a silk lining, which is bordered with a pleated ruche of satin ribbon, of which only a suggestion is visible beneath the net. It all has a wonderfully light effect, which is enhanced by the thread-lines of jet shining out on every one of the multitudinous pleats (the silk stripe, I must tell you, going round the cape); and various frills of the net also form the tight-fitting plastron front, which narrows to a point at the waist, where it is held in by a band and bow of satin ribbon. To give some solidity to this airily beautiful production, there is a novel arrangement of black satin, which forms a frill over the shoulders, and falls into a point richly embroidered with jet at each side in front, the cape proper being rounded off in such a manner that the perfect fit of the front is fully revealed, and shows off to advantage when contrasted with the outstanding fulness over the shoulders. The collar is a particularly pretty one—an arrangement of fluted satin, softened by an inner pleating of the net.

It was exceedingly good to look upon, I can assure you, and its charms were of the kind to make you yearn to possess it for your own adornment, this remark also applying to a cape made in the same style—though much shorter over the shoulders—in which shot wine-coloured glacé silk was combined with ruffles and frills of black lace, the waist-bow terminating in front with two long sash-ends, and glittering jet ornaments dangling from the shoulders at the back. Such a cape,

however, is a marked garment, which requires the wearer to have a somewhat extensive wardrobe, whereas the black cape adds distinct utility to its other good qualities. Still more elaborate, but so beautiful that I cannot resist an attempt at describing it, was a quaintly shaped cape of shot glacé of a wonderful bluish-green hue, which reminded me of nothing so much as the ever-changing loveliness of a moonlit sea; this effect being increased by a filmy veiling of black net covered with a trellis-work embroidery of moonlight sequins. Full frills of silk and black lace stood out squarely from the glittering yoke, and an enormous ruffle of lace took the place of a more formal collar. As to the array of velvet capes, one in particular caught my fancy—it was quite short, terminating just above the waist, and the colour was a species of peacock-blue. The full folds at the back were arranged almost in Watteau form, and, with the plain fronts, were a glittering mass of embroidery in jet and moonlight sequins, a cluster of paillettes to match enriching the great loop bows of satin ribbon which passed over the shoulders and broke the sloping line, which might otherwise have been a little trying. Then there were some entirely new capes, made in the inevitable crêpon—pretty, light things, lined with shot silk, and trimmed with pinked-out ruchings of silk to match, grey, for instance, looking charming in combination with turquoise-blue, and tan with blush-pink; but, for distinctive and striking originality, I must commend to you a tan-cloth cape, cut out in small circles, each of which was buttonholed with gold thread, while from the inside dangled a large jet sequin, which almost, but not quite, filled up the space, and which, with every movement, revealed a glimpse of the inner lining of shot-blue glacé. There was something wonderfully fascinating about this pretty novelty which made it a particularly desirable acquisition for those who like to excite the envious admiration of all feminine beholders. But now it is high time that I allayed any doubts you may have on the subject, and proved to you that Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are by no means forgetful of those whose purses are somewhat shallow, or, to be more correct, whose purses may be deep enough, though the contents, unfortunately, are not equal to the task of filling them. However, for full information on the subject, I should, in the first place, refer you to the illustrated catalogue of spring fashions which Messrs. Debenham and Freebody will send to anyone post free on receiving their application for the same; but, in the meantime, I may point out to you such particularly attractive, and, withal, inexpensive capes as the “Marie”—at three guineas—in black crêpon, lined with silk, the yoke outlined by a ribbon band, finished in front on the shoulders with smartly tied bows, and a cluster of spring flowers being placed coquettishly at the left side of the ruffled chiffon collar; while for 73s. 6d. you can become the possessor of a black plush cape, the “Ruby,” trimmed with cabochons and fringes of jet, and with chiffon and flowers at the neck, the lining in this case also being of silk. In cloth capes you could not wish for anything smarter than the “Enterpe,” a perfectly delightful little garment in corn-flower-blue, stitched with white, the short upper cape rounded at the corners, and forming pointed revers beneath the little turned-down velvet collar. I was genuinely astonished to find that the price was only thirty-five shillings and sixpence, and, as this is only one example out of many, you will see that the question of price need not keep you away from those quite too-fascinating premises at Wigmore Street.

But all this time the counterfeit presentment of one of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's latest gowns has been waiting for the notice which it well merits, so, as I think you have quite enough capes from which to make a selection, I will now devote myself to this gown. Its simplicity is its greatest charm, for the value of simplicity women fully understand, but misguided men are sometimes foolish enough to associate it with cheapness. Of course it is of crêpon, the colour being that lovely warm shade of cinnamon-brown which is undoubtedly the colour of the season. A touch of tea-rose-yellow silk is introduced at the side of the pinafore bodice, and appears again on the skirt, the fulness of which is arranged in very clever fashion



in the form of a box-pleat at each side, which opens out as it reaches the hem, the full back also consisting of a series of pleats. As a finishing touch, some shaded passementerie borders the tiny yoke of yellow silk, encircles the elbows beneath the great puff which forms the top of the sleeve, and holds in the slight fulness of the bodice at the waist in front; while a large button catches up the bodice on each



shoulder, and on the skirt fastens in the box-pleat at the top. Altogether, an eminently smart gown, which I should wish to see crowned by one of those charming cinnamon-brown straw hats, which can be bedecked with clusters of mauve and white lilac, yellow mimosa, or tea-roses, or any of the hundred-and-one flowers with which Art—most faithful copyist of Nature in some cases, and blatant caricaturist in others—has provided us this summer. Truly our millinery is fearful and wonderful to behold in only too many cases just now; and personally I must confess to a most intense dislike for the vivid green and purple roses, and such-like monstrosities, with which we are expected to bedeck our hats. Surely the number of tints in Nature's floral colour-box is sufficiently large to make such things unnecessary. As for the fabrics of the hats themselves, the term "wonderful" applies to them equally well, for the fancy straws are elaborate beyond description, while, as a substitute for straw, we now have a most ingenious arrangement of plaited silk, hailing from Switzerland, and absolutely undistinguishable from the genuine article, save on the closest inspection. It is marvellously light, a mere featherweight, in fact, but the cost is correspondingly heavy, so I fail to see where the advantage comes in, save for those who are able and willing to pay any price for a novelty.

FOR THE TOILET-TABLE.

After having the greater part of an otherwise enjoyable evening at the theatre practically spoiled by the constant, irritating pain inflicted by the sharp points of two hair-pins, which were, as far as I could judge by the feeling, carefully engaged in making holes in my head, and which were wickedly secreted in an inaccessible portion of my elaborately dressed coiffure, I want, for the sake of other women who have undergone similar agonies—and, indeed, the word is hardly too strong—to pay a tribute to some hair-pins which will never behave in this objectionable manner, for the simple reason that their points are not points in the ordinary sense of the word, but are cleverly rounded; and so, though they are even more secure than the ordinary hair-pin, cannot possibly hurt the head under any circumstances. They are called the "Pyramid" hair-pins, and, I need hardly tell you, are the invention of the

firm of Hindes, Limited, whose name will go down to posterity in connection with the hair-curlers, which have earned the blessing of every woman who has not got naturally curling hair, but who, all the same, wants to beautify herself by the ever-becoming fringe. I should imagine that most of you would consider your toilet-table incompletely furnished unless it contained a supply of Hindes' curlers and wavers. If you don't feel this, you should, for, by their means you can, in an incredibly short space of time, produce delightful waves and curls, and that, too, without injuring your hair in the least, for no heat is required. I have yet to find the place where Hindes' goods are not kept; but remember, if you want broad waves, you should get the curlers which have a tube centre-bar, and if simple, fluffy curls, the ordinary curlers, with the smooth round narrow bars. They are all made of metal, so it will take you a long time to wear out a sixpenny or shilling boxful.

Now, while I am giving you sage advice as to the contents of your toilet-table, I want to ask you all to invest—if you have not already done so—in a bottle of the Crown Perfumery Company's "Crown Lavender Salts," the most perfectly refreshing and altogether delightful preparation which I have ever come across. This I do say from personal experience, that those who have once become possessed of a bottle would never again—willingly, at any rate—be without one, for, if you have a headache, its effects are most beneficial; if you are taking a long and weary journey, your bottle of Crown Lavender Salts is an invaluable and refreshing companion; and at all times it is a pleasant luxury in which everyone can indulge, for the simple reason that you can get a bottle from any chemist or perfumer for the modest sum of two shillings, a larger size being double that amount. One bottle will retain its fragrant strength for months, and, altogether, I think that, if you follow my advice and get one, you will soon be quite as enthusiastic on the subject as I am myself. If you are in New Bond Street, you might call in at the Crown Perfumery Company's premises at No. 177—they are well worth a visit—and if you do, I expect you will be tempted into buying a bottle of their "Crab Apple Blossom" scent, which has successfully imprisoned the fragrance of the flowers whose name it bears. By the way, you should always see that the stoppers of the bottles are in the form of a crown, as this is the company's trade-mark.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

As an easy means to the attainment of the wisdom which is associated with health, and the wealth which is fondly supposed to follow in their train, I should advise you all to make a point of eating the now famous "Hovis" bread, which has the double advantage of being beneficial to the health and delicious to the taste. From childhood upwards our experience tends to show that these two qualities but rarely go together, and on the few occasions when they do we should give the combination the appreciation which it deserves. In all seriousness, however, the advantages of "Hovis" bread cannot be overestimated, and, as to its good effects upon children, those mothers who have tried it can testify. To begin with, there is no difficulty in getting the little ones to take it, for, indeed, it is more like cake than bread, and the result of its use is that the general health is so improved and maintained that the bones become stronger, and the child is enabled to grow good, sound teeth. And all this, it must be remembered, is without the aid of medicine, and simply by the use of a necessary article of daily food. As to the older folks, their digestion is first improved, and then, as a natural consequence, those who are troubled with "nerves" find that these irritating worries will speedily cease from troubling, and that they will, consequently, be able to look at life through glasses of a much more roseate hue. And now, as you will doubtless want to know how all these wonderful results are obtained, I must let you into the secret as far as I can. First, then, the wonderfully nutritious qualities of "Hovis" bread are due to the fact that it is made from a pure wheat flour, which contains the germ of the wheat, that which is richest in fatty matters, albumenoids or flesh-formers, and phosphates or bone fibre. How the makers manage to separate the germ from the rest of the wheat, subject it to a patent process which accentuates its nutritive and digestive qualities, and then mix with it a certain proportion of fine white flour, which contains the necessary starch, I do not for a moment pretend to explain. That is outside my province, and I am content to accept the goods, in the shape of "Hovis" bread, which the gods—otherwise the inventor and patentee, Mr. Richard Smith—have provided, and to pin my faith also to the unqualified praise of any number of prominent medical men and analysts who know a great deal more about the matter than I do; and I fancy that you will be willing to adopt the same course, especially as it is such a pleasant and easy one. Then there is another inducement which will specially appeal to prudent housewives. "Hovis" bread, instead of getting stale and practically uneatable in two or three days, is then at its most delicious stage, and, as a matter of fact, can be eaten with relish even after it has been kept for a week. When you take this into account, and remember also that "Hovis" is one of the best possible doctors, and one, too, who never sends in a long bill for services rendered, you will see that the small extra cost—the price is a mere trifle above that of ordinary bread—is a matter not worthy of a moment's consideration. For those who like "Hovis" bread, there are "Hovis" biscuits and "Hovis" flour, all of which are kept by every baker of any standing throughout the kingdom. Should you happen, however, by any ill chance to come across one who knows not "Hovis," write direct to Messrs. S. Fitton and Son (Millers), Macclesfield, and they will take the matter in hand. If you are very loyal subjects, the fact that "Hovis" bread is supplied to the Queen and many members of the royal family should finally clinch the matter as far as you are concerned.—FLORENCE.

A GRAND RECORD OF A BRAVE MAN.

We reproduce here, by permission, an excellent likeness of one of the best known and most popular members of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, Mr. James Pearce, Commander of the City Division. Mr. Pearce has had a most remarkable career since he joined the Brigade in 1868. He has been specially commended on two occasions for saving lives, and has received the medal for "conspicuous bravery"—a very hardly earned honour in the Brigade.

His record of narrow escapes is an extraordinary one. In 1875, while working with the Branch in the back part of the ground floor of a large flour-mill, which was blazing, the floors in the front part of the building gave way, and Pearce and his comrade were blocked in the building by hundreds of tons of flour and corn. Two huge millstones fell in such a way as to form an archway over the hose, and so allowed the water to pour on, or the two would have been roasted, and they were only dug out by their comrades just in time to escape a terrible death. In the same year Pearce had a remarkable escape from death, at a fire in some large flour-mills, having to drop his hose and jump through a loophole into the street.



MR. JAMES PEARCE.

A moment later the spot he had stood on was covered with tons of brickwork, and one of Pearce's comrades in another part of the building was crippled for life after remaining in the London Hospital (where the Queen visited him) for six months. In 1877, at a big fire in London Wall, Pearce was on the second floor of a building when the floor collapsed, and he was left clinging to the window-sill until a ladder could be raised to rescue him. At the large fire in Wood Street, in 1882, he with two others had to drop their branches and jump down a flight of stairs to escape the falling roof, which buried the hose. The latter was never recovered. At the great fire in Knight-riding Street, Pearce had charge of two branches on the roof of the church which was destroyed, and without a moment's warning the entire roof gave way. He and four men grasped the top of the wall, sixty feet from the ground, and were left clinging there until a ladder could be got into position to save them. On two occasions Pearce had his escape cut off after entering a burning building, and has had to be rescued by his comrades. On another occasion he assisted upwards of twenty terrified people, chiefly women and children, out of a burning window, and on being afterwards informed by a woman that she had left her child upstairs, re-entered the place, and had his retreat cut off. The child had fortunately escaped, and Pearce had to be rescued from the back part of the building.

From the foregoing it will be observed that during his eventful career Mr. Pearce has received many hard knocks, and been subjected to almost unheard-of hardships and exposures. It will, therefore, interest our readers to learn that for years Mr. Pearce has used St. Jacobs Oil, to the entire exclusion of all other embrocations. He says that he is never without it, and he modestly relates to us how on one bad night he was on his engine, going at a tremendous pace, when he was thrown from his engine, and besides receiving other severe injuries, he hurt his back badly, but after applying St. Jacobs Oil three times only all soreness and pain vanished. Mr. Pearce relates further that, as the result of frequent and long-continued exposure, he used often to contract rheumatism, which undoubtedly would have become chronic had it not been for the prompt use of St. Jacobs Oil, which invariably cures him. Mr. Pearce recommends St. Jacobs Oil to all of his friends; in fact, there is hardly a fire-station in the metropolis which is not liberally stocked with St. Jacobs Oil. We hold voluntarily given testimonials from upwards of fifty different members of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade who have used St. Jacobs Oil with marked benefit.

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 upwards of 1000 other Hotels, to Clubs, Colleges, Hospitals, Schools,
 and Public Institutions too numerous to mention, and to

HOSTS OF PRIVATE CUSTOMERS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

IN AID OF THE TAR.

The Duchess of Fife was in the City last week to open the bazaar in aid of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. The occasion was an



MRS. JOHN LOBB AS A GIPSY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

interesting one, for Miss Böcker, the sole lady survivor from the Elbe, was present, and received from the Duchess, on behalf of the lady stallholders, a gold watch. It bore an inscription recording the circumstances of the presentation, and stating that the society's Lowestoft agent received Miss Böcker after the wreck of the Elbe. By the way, here is the lifeboat of the Elbe, which was washed ashore at Walton-on-the-Naze.



Mrs. John Lobb, the wife of the well-known ex-member of the School Board, was in charge of a gipsy tent with a Japan and China stall. She figured in the attire of a Spanish gipsy.

THE POOR ARMENIANS.

The story of the Armenian atrocities, which the *Daily Telegraph* has been gorging its readers with, is as horrible as anything that has been heard of this century. It is calculated that between eight thousand and ten thousand Armenian Christians have been killed in cold blood. The butchery, says one writer, will henceforth rank in Turkish history along with the gruesome massacres of Bulgaria, Lebanon, and Damascus.



AN ARMENIAN MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER.

The testimony of the Armenian witnesses remains unshaken in essentials, and has even been confirmed in many important points by the Turks. Of course, women have suffered in a shocking manner. The most dramatic incident related is that of a pretty girl, who was marched along the lines of soldiers and told to choose her lover. She chose the ugliest man, and, pretending to whisper something, she snatched his bayonet and killed herself.



AN ARMENIAN BEAUTY.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, March 30, 1895.

In these booming times of Kaffir Circus and Western Australian gold discoveries, the House has had no time to gamble on the Boat Race; indeed, it is one of the most remarkable signs of the increase of legitimate business that this year the battle of the Blues has hardly attracted any quotation of odds or risking of money. The Devil, you know, dear Sir, is said to always find mischief for idle hands to do, only just now there are very few members of the Stock Exchange that the old gentleman has the least chance of doing business with.

The most remarkable feature of the week has been the very heavy settlement in the mining market, and the breakdown of the clearing arrangements, resulting in the buying in of about thirty thousand shares, and very heavy losses to the Clearing House subscribers.

Outside the craze of the hour, matters have been quiet. We hear that a very important meeting of the shareholders of the Monte Video Waterworks is to be held in about ten days, and that it behoves every shareholder to attend, but at present we are not permitted to disclose the purport of the chairman's statement, although we hardly expect it will be of a reassuring kind. The worst market has undoubtedly been the International department, where decline in price is shown all down the list.

Silver, after being good during the week, has declined again to a trifle above the level of this time last week, and silver stocks, such as Mexican Rails, follow the lead of the metal, and have been in good demand.

American bonds and shares have been bought to a considerable extent on this side, and mark a good rise all round, while business reports from the States continue cheerful—more cheerful, in fact, than the traffics seem to warrant.

The report of the Pennsylvania Railway shows clearly the great depression in trade which characterised the year 1894 in the United States. The gross decrease amounts to the vast sum of 16,000,000 dollars, but, by careful management, this gross falling-off has been reduced to a net decline of 3,000,000 dollars only. Fortunately, the earnings for the current year show reasonable improvement, and, for the two months to the end of February, the net increase of 895,000 dollars appears to have been made, so that there is every prospect of last year's decrease being recouped if the revival in progress continues.

Coal stocks have been the favourite purchase, chiefly upon the confidence felt that some arrangement is sure to be arrived at. The Atchison reconstruction has been so favourably commented upon that its success is said to be assured.

For years, as you know, dear Sir, we have denounced the Grand Trunk and all its ways, and, above all, the composition of its directorate, but at last there seems a reasonable prospect of some improvement, if only the shareholders will make a combined effort. The committee propose that Sir Henry Tyler shall be replaced by Sir Rivers Wilson, and, if the latter is given the help of a real railway man as adviser, no better choice could be made. We hope a clean sweep, and nothing but a clean sweep, will satisfy the shareholders, and that not only will you support the movement, dear Sir, but induce all your friends to become missionaries in the cause of reform.

The extraordinary strength of the mining market was brought home to the most sceptical of us during the week, for when, at the outset of the account, it was found almost impossible to carry over many descriptions of shares, a break in prices looked more than probable; but it never came, and again, when, as the result of the breakdown in the Clearing House already referred to, large parcels like 2100 Chartered and 1000 Oceanas were sold out, prices were never seriously in danger of collapsing, so strong was the public support.

Chartered shares have been the feature of the week, rising to about sixty-five shillings, and they look like going higher. Mashonaland Agency, at about 50s. to 52s. 6d., have attracted considerable attention, for the concern has an issued capital of only £75,000, and owns 1500 mining claims, besides farms and "stands" in Salisbury, Buluwayo, and other large centres. You might do worse than buy a few of these shares for a reasonable gamble.

We are sending you the *Investor's Review* for April by this post, dear Sir; the article on tea companies is interesting, and the correspondence between Mr. Wilson and the Grand Trunk Railway should be read by any belated holder of that concern's securities. For a thoughtful man, the notes on the Merchandise Marks Acts is another confirmation of what we have so often preached, that all interference by legislation with freedom of trade is sure, in the long run, to do more harm than good. We have felt like "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," and welcome a fellow-worker in the same field. Altogether it is a good number.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE SHROPSHIRE RAILWAYS COMPANY FIVE PER CENT. DEBENTURES.—Last week a criticism of this prospectus (received as if for private circulation only) was crowded out by the very heavy correspondence, but, if any of our readers have unfortunately applied for these debentures, we advise them to give notice to the Capital and Counties Bank not to part with their money, and, meanwhile, to apply to the

company for its return. If any subscriber is refused, we will deal with the subject again.

THE OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND INVESTMENT COMPANY is offering £78,095 Four per Cent. debenture stock, part of an issue of £150,000. The stock is amply secured on the assets of the concern (which are of themselves ample) and on the uncalled capital, so that, for anyone who wants a quiet 4 per cent. investment without much risk and with very little fluctuation, these debentures are to be commended.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, is asking for subscriptions for 125,000 Five per Cent. Second Debentures at 97½. Every wise man, remembering some of the people who have been connected with this enterprise, will give it a wide berth, however attractive such a rate of interest may seem; indeed, the rate of interest should of itself warn the prudent man against looking upon the issue as well secured. We know how little reliance can be placed upon valuations of millions of acres of freehold land in new countries, and should be sorry for the holders of these debentures if they ever had to fall back upon their security.

THE ROYAL OAK OF HAURAKI, LIMITED, is a New Zealand mine seeking to obtain subscribers for 200,000 shares of 5s. each. There is a very full waiver clause, which makes us suspicious, and we see returns from the Hauraki Company carefully trotted out, together with the amount of gold which the Bank of New Zealand has bought from the Tokatea Gold-mining Company. All this is very well, but the public are very likely to imagine that they are buying the land from which these returns come, and, indeed, the prospectus requires to be carefully read before even a person accustomed to such documents can quite make out the real facts. We advise our readers to leave the Royal Oak alone.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CISS.—(1) Yes. (2) No. We merely recommended these shares for a gamble when we knew the market was to be manipulated. If you have not bought, do not do so. (3) Do not touch them with a barge-pole. (4) We have never heard the idea mooted. (5) We would sooner buy Mills Day Dawn, which will pay 25 per cent., or some of the best West Australian properties.

W.—We thought them good at 1½, but it is quite a different thing now. To hold, they are worth the money; but we won't answer for a further quick rise.

G. T. H.—We believe the mines you mention are about the worst Western Australian properties dealt in on this market. Sell, and buy things like Kinsella, Pilbara Goldfields, Whitefeather, or Cardiff Castle.

INEXPERIENCE.—We have heard the rumours you refer to. The mine is a good one, and you may safely hold on if you want reasonable returns for your money. Victoria and Altamira, at 3s. 3d., are the cheap "tip" of the moment; but take a quick profit. African Coal and Exploration are supposed to be worth buying. Holcomb Valley and Graskops might suit you; but, in every case, don't hold too long.

JEFF.—They are a gamble, and not a bad one, but you must not expect dividends in the near future.

MARTLET.—We do not believe the shares are really of any value, but they are being puffed, and may go higher. On merits, we say sell, but watch the market, for in the present public temper the things may go higher.

HELEN.—We never answer anonymous letters.

W. S.—Don't touch either the New Par Consols or the Parka Mines with the end of your walking-stick. We should think the brewery you mention a very second-rate affair; but brewers are in for a good year, and, if the ordinary shares get 8 or 9 per cent., you will be able to sell out at a profit. We would not hold the shares for very long.

KROC.—The so-called bank is a money-lending concern which deals in bills of sale and such-like securities. You will be a fool if you let them have a penny on deposit.

J. M. P.—Buy (1) Lehigh Valley Railway Company New York 4½ gold bonds; (2) Imperial Continental Gas Stock; (3) Highland Railway; (4) Industrial Trust 3½ debentures; (5) City of Wellington 6 per cent. Waterworks bonds. The smallest amount you can invest in some of these will be about £240, but they are all safe enough, and you might spread your money over three of them.

DOWNPATRICK.—Ask some Manchester broker; we know very little about the concern in London. Your banker would find out through his Manchester agent, no doubt.

A. E. H.—We hope the information contained in our private letter was full enough. Thank you for the enclosure.

LOTTERY.—Your letter reached us, and we hope you have received our answer with the name of the dealers in lottery bonds. You may be sure of buying through them at market price.

AVIS.—See answer to "J. M. P." You might add to the list Johannesburg Waterworks shares, which we consider an admirable investment.